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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1837. NO. 842.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 39.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.—NO. 8.

Further extracts from the correspondence of the Rev. Mr Huntington.

Chicago, Tuesday, August 1, 1837.

* * * * * Though we came to anchor at nearly a mile's distance from the village of Milwaukie, and had an unfavorable light to view it in, at least, till after the sun had set, which was at first directly in our eyes, by the aid of a good glass, I was able to get a tolerably correct idea of the village. Its situation is truly delightful. The banks, which slope very gently to meet the bay and river, gradually rise to a considerable elevation—to hills, I would almost venture to say, in this so generally flat and low country—and are every where beautifully verdant. The inhabitants, too, have discovered, I think, a very correct taste in sparing so many of the younger class of forest trees within their town plot. This truly rural and tasteful style saves Milwaukie from the disagreeably unprotected, raw, and staring aspect of almost all the new western villages, that I have yet seen; and gives it somewhat the air of one of our old N. E. towns, that are half hidden in shade trees. This was especially the case in relation to the northern part of the village, in which the Court house is situated—a very neat building indeed, I should judge, from the upper part of it, which alone I could see. The Hotel, on the other hand, a very conspicuous edifice, several stories in height, had a very bald, exposed appearance; nor was I much pleased with its proportions. There were several seemingly handsome situations scattered around in the suburbs, (if I may so speak) more or less remote from the centre of the town; but, I presume, the charm would vanish, as it does with almost all the objects of our first admiration, on a nearer approach.

Although Milwaukie was begun to be settled only three years ago, and of course must have had a very rapid growth to have numbered, last fall, a population of between two and three thousand, its present and future prospects are far from flattering. It is not a place of transit or deposite. It has no cultivated country in the rear to sustain it. Its river is very difficult of access; nor can the town at present be otherwise approached by vessels, except through the narrow and crooked channel of the river. I suppose, if the plain truth were published, it would be seen, that its precocious growth has been mainly owing to the fictitious value that has been given to property there, by a few interested speculators. A gentleman from N. Y. city, who has been there a week or ten days, and took passage on board the Bunkerhill last evening, informs me, that, since early spring, several hundred people have left the place, because unable to live *there*—rents being high, and provisions being dear; as an instance of which, the steward was obliged last night to give 10 cts for beef.

After a very pleasant run of nearly 48 hours including stops, from Green Bay, with cool light winds and a smooth sea, we arrived here about 10 o'clock, this A. M. I found the weather extremely warm, on landing; and was informed that it has been the same every day, for a week or ten days. The town of Chicago is very little elevated above the surface of the Lake; not enough to allow the inhabitants to have dry cellars under their houses. To preserve their vegetables, &c. they build what are called root houses, above the surface of the ground. Nor can they boast of their well water here; though what they get from the lake or river is pretty good, bating its warmth at this season. On the lake shore, to the north of the town plot, there is a pretty skirt of woodland; but in all other directions you look out upon open prairie, as level almost as the lake itself. The soil inclines to be sandy. The principal village is built upon the south bank of the river, which will soon be connected with its opposite by a substantial draw bridge. At present the corporation furnish the public with a free wire ferry. The river is so narrow, however, that you could toss a stone across it.

The first thing I did on landing was to inquire about the means of continuing my journey to the South West; and I engaged a seat in the first stage coach that leaves, which is not until toworrow at 9 A. M. We shall be the greater part of the day going 92 miles—to Peru—the head of steamboat navigation on the Illinois. Suppose I take the steamboat on Thursday night at Peru, it is impossible that I should reach Meridosia (the point where I expect to leave the river and take the stage again) before Friday night or Saturday morning. Then I shall have (to judge from the map) some 70 or 80 miles further to go by land, before I reach Hillsboro'; so that I think it quite doubtful whether I reach my journey's end before next sabbath. It is a source of gratitude to a kind Providence, that if I do, and continue, as well as I am now, I shall be able to preach. It is my daily prayer, that I may come to your friends there in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace—that they may be prepared at heart to give a cordial reception to the word preached—that I may be prepared for the labors, that I am then and there to undertake, and be sustained under them—that I may not again be forced in from the vineyard by sickness—that some good fruit may be gathered into the garner of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the result of this mission—that its projectors and supporters, and all who wish well to our cause, may 'see of the travail of their soul and be satisfied,'—and that they and you may be rewarded for this labor of love towards your western brethren, not according to the feebleness of their agent; but according to the purity of their benevolence—the fervor of their love for souls—their devotedness, self denial, and personal sacrifices, in the glorious work of extending the limits of the Redeemer's kingdom. With a trembling hope that it may be my happiness to be an efficient fellow worker with you in this design, I remain truly yours &c.

W. P. H.

NO. 9.

Peoria, August 11, 1837.

* * * * Tremont is 12 miles distant from Peoria, and there was no stage going out to that place before Sunday morning. I had ascertained, before leaving Peru, that to reach Hillsboro' by the close of the week would be impossible; and I determined at once to pass the ensuing Sunday, either at Peoria or Tremont amongst our Unitarian friends, and preach if asked. Dr D——, an old acquaintance of mine, being absent from town on Friday, I could not ascertain how matters were situated there till he returned in the evening. After seeing him, I came to the conclusion to spend Sunday at Tremont; and the next (Saturday) morning, attempted to go, intending to leave my baggage at Peoria and return on Monday. Upon inquiring, however, I could obtain no means of conveyance thither—every horse in town being pre-engaged to go to a Methodist Camp meeting in the neighborhood. Had I been well I should have gone on foot; but as it was, I concluded to wait, and take the stage at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. The morning was very cool, and a part of the way very rough, (that is the bottom between the river Illinois and the bluff opposite Peoria—a distance of two or three miles) but I arrived safe at Tremont, as soon as it began to be light enough to see the rich cornfields in its environs, and the neat white houses of the village itself. The hotel (a large and handsomely situated building) being not yet completed, I got out of the coach at the house of Mr Wm. S——, formerly of Duxbury, who received me kindly, though I was obliged to break his slumbers. After breakfast he gave notice of my arrival, and I was requested to preach. A very neat, commodious building serves the purpose both of a village schoolhouse, and a place of worship for the several societies of Christians in town, the turn of each, coming round once a month. It so happened that it was the regular turn of the Unitarians the Sunday that I was there, altho' the Episcopalians had expected to occupy it. They gave way to us however, though they had a lay sermon at a private house in the A. M.; a written notice of which meeting was read by me, at the close of the morning service. Several individuals of that denomination attended our meeting through the day. The audience was respectable, considering the shortness of the notice and the absence of many from town, who had gone to the Camp-meeting already mentioned. This flourishing village is a curiosity, being built upon the spot, which three years since, was an undistinguished portion of open prairie. It has hitherto been quite healthful, but it must be admitted, that, for want of shade trees it is disagreeably exposed to the scorching blaze of the sun in summer, and must, I think, be dreadfully bleak in winter. A *few years, however, will obviate these* objections, since fruit trees, and forest trees, of all kinds, are now growing there; and if there be a truth in agriculture, it is, that whatever is put into the soil in Illinois *must grow*. I yesterday saw young trees on a plantation three miles from Tremont, which had burst their bark longitudinally in several places, so rapid was their growth of wood within. The enterprise and success of these colonists is remarkable. Their farms look well, though before they came to Tremont, few of them knew much about farming. I found some of them experimenting largely upon the mulberry and sugar beet. I wish they had a pious, devoted minister or missionary, of our denomination among them. Without one, I think that as a body, they must lose ground, and finally, if too long neglected, become dismembered and scattered among other denominations of Christians. The same remarks will apply to those small Unitarian societies at Chicago and Peoria. These feeble, western societies, want and must have, devout, self-sacrificing pastors to build them up;—not coming among them and staying a few weeks, or months; but planted and rooted in the midst of them; and breaking constantly the bread of life to established and permanent churches.—What are these destitute, forlorn little societies to do? I have ventured to advise them to form themselves—that is the Unitarians at Peoria, Tremont and Pekin (which is eight or nine miles below Peoria on the opposite side of the river, and about the same distance from Tremont) into colleague societies, and to get a preacher, who will make a little circuit of these three villages, and preach to them in rotation. If these societies would second the efforts of a faithful evangelist, in some plan of this kind, it is believed that they not only would be enabled to hold their own, but steadily to increase with the increasing population of those places, who would otherwise be distributed amongst those societies already existing, where the ordinances of religion are constantly administered. But the only plan that can be relied upon for the supply of the wants of Western Unitarians is for them to educate their own young men for the ministry, here at home. Illinois must have, and that speedily, a Unitarian 'school of the prophets,' a Theological school of her own. I am very clear in that. You are too far distant from us, and your own wants are too pressing, to meet our demands. This, however, is too great a subject for me to enter upon now. Meantime the only Unitarian preacher in Illinois is your poor devoted missionary and friend.*

W. P. H.

* Although several clergyman of this denomination had labored as missionaries during the winter and spring, in Illinois—and one (Rev. Mr Farley) has since been ordained in Boston, to be settled at Alton—yet at the time this letter was written, they were all absent.

HEARING THE WORD.

It is to be feared that but few Christians take heed how they hear. If they did, we should not so often be annoyed by petty criticisms upon the manner and style of the messengers of God. Whoever may be the *man* in the pulpit, the people should remember that he who addresses them is the ambassador for Christ, and that God is beseeching them by him. With this thought in the mind, who would *dare* to conceive, much less to express, the exceptions so often and so sinfully taken and uttered against various, we might say, all, the preachers of the cross? What a blessed disposition of soul he has received who is enabled to hear *meekly* the word of God.

'Lord grant me this abiding grace,
Thy Word and Son to know;
To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
Although his speech be slow.'

God is incomprehensible in all his attributes, and if we go to fathom the depths of omnipotence we shall lose ourselves in darkness and perplexities; therefore, letting alone all the subtilties of absoluto impossibilities, of an independent nature of things, and of the sustentation of existence in substances, let us fix our view upon a prospect we can clearly discern. Let us conceive of God as performing by second causes all the mighty works we see performed, and able to do whatever we can comprehend possible to be done. Let us consider him giving existence to substances, solidity to matter, perceptivity to spirit, and understanding to man: limiting the ocean, spreading out the earth as a garment, and stretching forth the vast expanse of heaven: rolling the planets in their orbits, fixing the golden sun, and appointing the stars their stations; causing gravitation between large bodies, cohesion between small, elasticity in air and ether: giving motion to the wheels of fortune, stability to the laws of nature, and directing both their certain courses: forming the fibres of plants to fit them for vegetation, the vessels of animals to carry on circulation, and the mental organs to serve as instruments for the understanding; making the earth yield her increase for our sustenance, feeding the cattle upon a thousand hills for our uses, supplying us with air to breathe, water to drink, clothes to put on, and innumerable objects all around to employ and entertain us; commanding the issues of life and death, and having the future condition of spirits at his disposal. The contemplation of these, and a multitude of other things, that a little thought might easily suggest, will, I apprehend, give us the fullest idea of omnipotence that we are capable of, and make us sensible the Lord is our continual support, and that in him we live, and move, and have our being.—*Tucker.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE ORDINATION. No. 5.

THE SERMON. JESUS CHRIST, NOT ORTHODOX.

We now come to the sermon; well composed, and happily delivered. The theme of it was a graphic description of him, as a preacher, who spake as never man spake. The characteristics noticed were the following;

1st, He was perfectly master of his subject.

2d, He was plain and intelligible.

3d, His discourse was marked for aptness and felicity of illustration.

4th, It was direct and forcible.

5th, Appropriate to persons and circumstances.

6th, A fearless fidelity in rebuking all iniquity.

Each of these points of description was illustrated by a copious adduction of well selected examples, from the discourses of the Great Teacher. And all this was as it should have been. One characteristic, however, was left unnoticed. Jesus Christ did not preach the orthodoxy of the day in which he lived. There was then, as there is now, a current orthodoxy. It had been growing up during the lapse of several past ages; and had become honorable for its old age; venerable for the hoary locks upon it. It was to the great mass in the people, the good old way, trodden by the footsteps, and sanctified by the examples, of the fathers of many generations. In whole, however, it was not the truth. It was a form of clerical despotism and corruption. It kept many truths out of sight, and replaced them with errors. It stood more on human authority, than on divine. For this orthodoxy, the Great Teacher had no respect, and paid it no servile homage. He set his face against it; assailing and denouncing it, with all that plainness and severity, with which it was his manner to attack falsehood and unrighteousness.

There existed, then, an ecclesiastical polity; composed of Rabbies, Priests and Pharisees. They managed to have the work of religious teaching and education in their own hands; maintained a vigilant guard against, what they denominated irregularity and corruption; suffered not the truth of their doctrine or the propriety of their practice, to be called in question. Such topics were not to be discussed or agitated. The young, as they grew up, were instructed; and those already on the stage of life, were led on, according to the graduated rule, and on the graded path, of the strictest orthodoxy; and all deviations from the line, accounted a crime to be punished by the judges. They compassed sea and land to make a proselyte; had a zeal like a fiery flame, and a reach of policy which surmounted difficulty and accomplished much. It was not, however, the zeal of love and true goodness. They burned for the retention of their power and self-aggrandizement, not for the welfare of their fellowmen. Their policy was a wily fabrication of moral machinery, fitted to cramp the expansive tendency of the human intellect, to repress the spirit of freedom, and to fix on a firmer foundation their empire of spiritual dominancy and absolutism. Against this, the Great Teacher took a decided stand and confronted it. He took his place as a gapman and resisted their unjust tyranny. Setting their whole power at defiance, he poured out upon the seat of it, the vials of his withering rebuke; his unconcealed and tremendous indignation. He reprobated their selfishness, their pride and their cruel injustice; charged them with the sin of teaching for the doctrine of God the commandments of men; with that of upholding the dark cause of ignorance and error by taking away the key of knowledge, and shutting up the kingdom of heaven against men; and binding upon them burdens grievous to be borne. He denounced them for their love of self exaltation, their hypocrisy, avarice and oppression; all which they concealed under the fair garb of love, fidelity and zeal for God and his holy institutions. And he enjoined upon his disciples that they should not imitate, but avoid, the example, set by these illiberal, heart-contracted and selfish men. He forbid them to lord it over God's heritage or be lorded over by others 'who love power and forget right.' He said; 'Call no man upon earth master, for one is your master even Christ, and all ye are brethren.' By this law of his mouth, he inhibited the erection of an hierarchy in his church; ordained that there should be equality instead of ecclesiastical despotism; that there should be no subjection of the many to the few; no overbearing and coercive influence on the part of teachers, nor cowering abjectness on the part of the people. It is of the liberty with which Christ makes his people free, that they should be in subjection to no earthly master; that they should bow, in matters of religious belief and conduct, to no ghostly human authority. But does not he, and do not they, who impose a humanly devised formulary of doctrine, to be accepted as a condition of access to the ordinances of the Gospel, assume a power expressly forbidden by him who is the head over all things to the church? Is it not by this means that the key of knowledge is taken away, and the eyes of men sealed in ignorance, error and slavish superstition? For, is it not a plain case, that whatever discourages inquiry, whatever represses freedom of thought and conclusion, is the agent of ignorance and the adversary of knowledge?

And might not this trait, in the ministry of Jesus, have deserved notice, when an essay was expressly made for the delineation of its character? Might it not, with justice and propriety, have been told, that he withstood the orthodoxy of his times? Not, however, because it was orthodoxy; but for its erroneous, oppressive and unjust character. Might it not have been hinted, that he was the strenuous advocate of moral freedom? the bold opposer of clerical and ecclesiastical domination?

One thing further, in regard to the sermon. From the masterly and matchless ability of Jesus Christ, as a preacher, the inference was made that, he was God! The argument, however, is too frail to call for a refutation. The author of the sermon was too sensible a man to have been very serious in adducing it. As a proof it must have been offered, by the preacher, not because he thought it possessed somewhat strength, but might, as it passed before the view of unreflecting minds, seem to possess some. And here is an instance of the injury done to truth and to the moral interest of men, by the influence of creeds. It creates a temptation to equivocate, dissemble and practice hypocrisy. A minister is aware that, if not his very life itself, yet that which is next to it, depends upon his reputation for orthodoxy. He is, therefore, tempted, and often effectually, to be time-serving, equivocal, slightly, if not thoroughly, deceitful. It seems to be for his advantage to appear more orthodox than he really is. He would, also, make the cause of orthodoxy to appear more strong than it really is. For the minister, as well as others, is under the yoke. As ministers impose it upon the people; the people, in turn, impose it upon ministers. There is thus, a chain of bondage, reaching round and completing a whole circle. Each link serves to brace and to strengthen another, and whoever essays the disrupture of it, finds its material to be as adamant and death.

But is this chain absolutely unfracturable? No. Let a man, first, seriously consider and ascertain what moral liberty he ought to enjoy; and then fearlessly resolve to exercise it. Let his spirit be temperate, but unflinching, with this motto on his front; Truth is my Master, and on earth I acknowledge no other. The strong cordon can be sundered into fragments, by a spirit of moral heroism, working its office in acts of firmness, prudence and devotion to its cause. A soldier in Cromwell's army is reported to have said; 'I judge it ten times more honorable for a single person, in witnessing a truth, to oppose the world, standing in its full strength, wisdom, resources and authority; and he standing naked and alone; than with force of arms to fight many battles and gain them all. I have no life, but truth. If this can be served by my suffering for it, then I cheerfully consent to suffer and to die. If truth live, I live. If justice live, so, then, do I. And truth and justice cannot die with the martyrs who bleed and die for them; but by these means, they are enlarged and enthroned. And death itself cannot hurt me, for I am above its reach. I live for immortality. I see nothing formidable in death. I defy its power to harm me; I sport with it. And who possesses not this freedom is a slave.' And contendedly wearing his chains he deserves them.

This man's spirit was indomitable. And are there no such indomitable champions now on earth? We trust that the race is not extinct, though their appearance be as seldom and far between as the visits of angels. There are those who will not quit the breach when the everflowing flood is being poured forth; those who will not daub a color for the sake of having its appearance orthodox; those who will not wield a bad argument to aid the cause of reigning prejudice and popular delusion.

Hampton-falls. S. F.

CONFESSION OF ROUSSEAU.

A PHILOSOPHICAL UNBELIEVER.

I confess that the majesty of the scriptures astonishes me, that the sanctity of the gospel speaks to my heart. View the books of the philosophers with all their pomp; what a littleness have they when compared with this; Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and simple, should be the work of men? Is it possible that he, whose history it records, should be a mere man? Is this the style of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious secretary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners, what affecting grace in his instructions! what elevation in his maxims! what profound wisdom in his discourses; what presence of mind, what delicacy and what justness in his replies! what empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the philosopher who knows how to act, to suffer and die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato paints his imaginary just man, covered with all the ignominy of guilt, and deserving all the honors of virtue, he paints Jesus Christ in every stroke of his pencil! Their semblance is so strong that all the fathers have perceived it, and that it is not possible to mistake it. What prejudices, what blindness must they have who dare to draw a comparison between the son of Sophroniscus and the son of Mary! What distance is there between the one and the other! As Socrates died without pain and disgrace, he found no difficulty in supporting his character to the end, and if this easy death had not shed lustre on his life, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing but a sophist. They say that he invented morality. Others before him had practised it, he only said what they had done, he only read lessons on their examples. Aristides had been just before Socrates explained the nature of justice, Leonidas had died for his country before Socrates had made it the duty of men to love their country. Sparta had been temperate before Socrates praised temperance. Greece had abounded in virtuous men before he defined virtue. But where could Jesus have taken among his countrymen that elevated and pure morality of which he himself furnished both the precepts and the example. The most lofty wisdom was heard from the bosom of the most furious fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues honored the vilest of all people. The death of Socrates, serenely philosophising with his friends, is the most gentle that one can desire; that of Jesus expiring in torments, injured, derided, reviled by a whole people, is the most horrible that one can fear. When Socrates takes the poisoned cup, he blesses him who presents it, and who at the same time weeps. Jesus, in the midst of a horrid punishment, prays for his enraged executioners. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God!—Shall we say that the history of the Gospel is invented at pleasure? My friend, it is not thus that men invent; and the actions of Socrates, concerning which no one doubts, are less attested than those of Jesus Christ. After all, this is shifting the difficulty instead of solving it; for it would be more inconceivable that a number of men should forge this book in concert, than that one should furnish the subject of it. Jewish authors would never have devised such a manner and such morality, and the Gospel characters of truth; so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that its inventor would be still more astonishing than its hero.

EIGHT USEFUL DIRECTIONS.

1. Let not the wisdom of the world be your guide.
2. Let not the way of the world be your rule.
3. Let not the wealth of the world be your chief good.
4. Let not the cares of the world encumber you.
5. Let not the comforts of the world entangle you.
6. Let not the crosses of the world disquiet you.
7. Be not too fond of life.
8. Be not too fearful of death.

Matthew Henry.

THE EPISTLE.

From the Yearly Meeting, held in London, by adjournments, from the 24th of the 5th month, to the 2nd of 6th month, inclusive, 1837.

To the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere.

Dear Friends,—In coming together as a Christian Church, to watch over and regulate the affairs of our religious Society, and to promote, as ability may be afforded, the cause of truth and righteousness, we have again been made sensible in the midst of many conflicts and discouragements, of the condescending goodness of our Holy Head, Jesus Christ the Lord;—our strength has been renewed, and we have been refreshed together; our fellowship in Christ has been confirmed; and in that love which has brought us near to one another, we salute you in Christian sympathy and affection, and would bid our brethren every where to take comfort in Christ, to put on strength in his name, and to seek to be clothed with the whole armor of God.

We believe, that to many of those who love the truth, and are willing to suffer for the sake of their Lord, the present must be acknowledged to be a day of greater danger to the spiritual life of the church than in her times of deepest tribulation: it is then that she is best prepared to take her part in those precious promises which are her sure inheritance in every age,—'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' We acknowledge, that, as a church, we have fallen very short of our high calling in Jesus Christ. The world, and the things of the world, have but too generally spread their deadening influence over us, and the warning voice needs to be sounded amongst us—'Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die.' The Lord is laying his hand upon us. He knoweth when the fruit-bearing branches need purging. Let it be an encouragement to us in every day of proving, under whatever circumstances it may be brought upon us, that his wise and blessed purpose is, that all our humiliations should work towards our more abundant fruitfulness; even that the fruit-bearing branches should bring forth more fruit.

The servants of Christ have ever been distinguished from the world, by the holiness, the self denial, the unfeigned humility, and the godly circumspection of their every-day walk in life. A broad and well defined line of demarcation is drawn by the doctrine and precepts of the New Testament between the true Christian and the man of the world. Not only must the believer be no longer conformed to this world, but he must be transformed by the renewing of his mind. This, dear friends, we need not say, is no transient or superficial work, it lies deep in the heart; it is in our fallen and corrupt nature that the pride of life and the lusts of the flesh find their proper soil, and it is to the heart that God applies the remedy, which in his abundant grace, He has provided for us in the gospel of his son, that we, through repentance towards Him and living faith in Christ, may be converted from the error of our ways and from the love of the world, and be enabled to walk in his commandments. We desire for our dear friends, and for ourselves individually, that we may come unflinchingly and unreservedly to the great question, are we of Christ, or are we of the world? If we know Christ to have died for us, and really to rule in us by his spirit, we shall no more live unto ourselves; but, through the help of the Lord, we shall day by day, live unto him who died for us and rose again. The true follower of Christ sets no limits to his allegiance to his Lord: quickened by his spirit, animated by his love, and trusting with simple faith in his power, the language of his heart is, Draw me and I will run after thee. Thus it was with the early Christians: and these we believe were the principles which actuated our predecessors in their simple and devoted allegiance to Christ. It was in love to their Redeemer, and through the fear of God resting upon their minds, that they renounced the world: they entered into no compromise with its spirit, and thus they were enabled to see and uphold the standard of true Christian simplicity. Our ancient testimony to 'plainness of speech, behavior and apparel,' springs from this root; and we are engaged to express our earnest desire, not only that it may be steadily maintained amongst us, but that the principle of true Christianplainness may be carried out, far more than it is, into all our domestic habits, our concerns in trade and our general intercourse with men.

It would be strange if, in the conflicts to which our society has of late been exposed, many of its members had not been led into a close inspection of that which constitutes the bonds of its Christian union: and in reverence and the fear of the Lord we acknowledge that the result of this scrutiny has, to a large extent, deepened our attachment to those doctrines and practices which, from the days of our forefathers have distinguished us from others of the Christian name. The doctrine of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and its perceptible guidance, as ever held by our society, is no dream of mystical philosophy; we regard it as one great feature of the new covenant, and its object is that knowledge of God and that living energy, which He alone can give; by which the lusts of the flesh are resisted, and the Christian soldier is directed and strengthened. Our views of the free and immediate operation of the Holy Spirit—of the presidency of Christ in the church—of that which constitutes the call and qualification of all true gospel ministry—of the worship of God in spirit and in truth—of the baptism which now saveth, by which the true believers are baptized into one body—of that which constitutes the true supper of the Lord, in which those who belong to Him, by faith in his meditation and atonement, do feed upon his body and blood, and know it to be meat indeed and drink indeed—remain unchanged. And we are again concerned to declare our conviction, that all 'the ceremonies of the Jewish law were fulfilled and finished by the death of Christ; and that no shadows in the worship of God were instituted by our Lord, or have any place in the Christian dispensation'.

At this meeting, as at former ones, we have received epistles from our brethren in the several yearly meetings in North America, and one from that of Ireland.

The sufferings of our members in Great Britain and Ireland, including the charges of distraint, amount to upwards of eleven thousand pounds. They have been incurred in support of our well known testimony against tithes and other ecclesiastical demands. We would affectionately remind Friends, in connection with the act passed in the last session of Parliament for the commutation of tithes in England, of the importance of an upright maintenance of the testimony of our religious Society on the subject of tithes; and encourage them to watchfulness, that neither in the preliminary steps which may be taken for effecting the proposed commutation, nor in the subsequent operation of the act, they in any degree compromise their principles.

The circumstances of our beloved young friends, whether under the shelter of watchful parental care, or exposed to the temptations of the metropolis and other large towns, have at this time had much of our very serious consideration. We do not forget the temptations of our early life, and especially those incident to our entrance upon general intercourse with the world: they were slippery paths to us, and with humble thanksgivings to God we call to mind the tender care of his fatherly providence, the pleadings of his warning voice, how He strove with us. We know, that up to this hour we have nothing to depend upon but the free mercy of God in Jesus Christ our Lord; but, through the aboundings of his grace renewed to us, we cannot but express our strong solicitude—our prayer—that it may please the Lord to deal graciously with you, dear young friends; that He may never take his Holy Spirit from you, but deepen and strengthen your convictions of the guilt of sin, its hatefulness in his sight, and its certain, and awful consequences to the impenitent and unconverted. O! that we could induce you duly to appreciate these tokens of our Heavenly Father's love, and that nothing might ever tempt you to call in question the divine origin of those secret checks in the conscience, those monitions and faithful warnings, those pleadings of the Holy Spirit with the mind of man, by which our Heavenly Father would draw us to himself, and make us rich partakers of that pardon and rec-

onciliation which He grants to his believing and contrite children, through the blessed intercessions of our Savior. Open your hearts to him that standeth at the door and knocks—suffer his love to prevail—strive to enter in at the strait gait: we press it upon you with the most earnest and tender entreaty, because we are aware that there is much by which many of our young people are surrounded at the present day, which would draw them away from the humbling discipline of the cross, and induce them to seek an easier path to the kingdom. The words of our Lord are simple, plain, and full, and they commend themselves to the enlighted conscience—'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.'

We believe there are those amongst our young friends who are seeking to serve God in this course of Christian discipleship; it is our strong desire that nothing may impede their progress, that in lowliness of mind they may quietly bear the yoke, wait upon God for the renewing of their strength from day to day, and, by simple obedience to his will, be trained up for usefulness in religious society and amongst their fellow men at large, it is to such as those that we look with anxious hope for the support of that holy cause which is so dear to us, and for the furtherance of the Lord's work on the earth; therefore suffer us to encourage you to dedicate to Him more entirely the days of your early manhood; that whether you live to serve Him long whilst here or be taken hence in the vigor of youth, having loved and honored your Lord by a watchful, devoted, and self denying life, He may confess you in the presence of his Father.

In conclusion, we again turn to those who in their different allotments are bearing the burthen and heat of the day. If it be that we have yet to endure suffering for the sake of Him who suffered so deeply for us, let us watch, that we never grow weary in looking upwards for that help which He does not fail to dispense. And oh! what encouragement have we to be instant in prayer, in the assurance that in our crucified and glorified Lord we have a High-priest who is ever ready to present our petitions at the throne of grace. Let us seek, beloved friends, yet more and more to be clothed with that meek and lamblike spirit which must have had such large place with the early believers, when in their sufferings and conflicts they were bold to say, 'Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; defamed, we intreat.' Thus through the blessing of God resting upon the patience, faith, and devotedness of his servants, we may hope that all her sorrows and tribulations will be sanctified to the church, and that, established upon the everlasting Rock, we shall 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. To Him be glory both now and for ever. Amen.'

Signed, in and on behalf of the Meeting, by

SAMUEL TUKE,
Clerk to the Meeting this Year.

Men learn to talk of virtue without loving it; like the English, who all learn to talk French, yet hate the French nation.

THE WORD IN SEASON.

To the Editor of the Sailor's Magazine.

Dear Sir—I have been much gratified in perusing the Sailor's Magazine, as I discover the magnanimous desire of one of our most noble institutions—a desire to benefit a class of men, whose immoralities, perils, and yet noble generosity, is indelibly stamped on my earliest recollection. Born where the waves washed the very foundations of my parental abode, and often 'bobbing for eels,' in a summer's evening, through the eastern window, bathing my juvenile limbs in its lukewarm surges, skirting its shores with my shingle ships, then venturing, as I began to grow, across the Thames, (Conn.) in a yawl or skiff, with my blanket sail; should not I feel for seamen? Situated as I was, I became familiar with their phraseology—with the name of each ship—with her sails, blocks, rigging, and spars. With gazing eye I met the return of each sail, when beating up, or with her flowing sails before the wind, she cut through the foam, to her welcome haven. Yes, many an orange did I receive at the hand of the generous tar. Shall I not feel for seamen? Yes, I claim the privilege for myself—I crave it for others also to think of them—to feel, to act, and pray for them.

About forty years ago did the gallant war ships visit my native port, then, their crews released from confinement, and receiving their pay, our city rang with oaths, and its pavements rattled with the rumbling wheels of all kinds of vehicles, from the coach to the cart, put in requisition for a voyage upon the land. Then, no mariner's church invited their ear, no Sabbath seemed designed for the seamen, and they strolled on the Sabbath through the haunts of infamy. It seemed as if they were viewed as another race of beings, destitute of moral sensibility, and therefore beyond the reach of gospel motives, 'no man cared for their soul.' How was the commission of Christ to his apostles restricted to landsmen, as though seamen were not a portion of 'every creature' to whom the gospel was to be preached: or that they were not in 'all the world,' because they 'went down to the sea in ships.' But a ray of light has beamed from the throne of God on this dark portion of our brethren. God seemed to say to us—ye shall let them alone no longer—ye shall not 'take away from the words of the prophecy of my book.'—'The islands of the sea shall wait for my law, and the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto me.' But, dear sir, forgive an old man's digression, and I will proceed to my story.

Over twenty years ago, the writer took passage from Portland to Bath in a small packet. The weather was fine, and a gentle breeze wafted us along favorably, to arrive before the Sabbath. Sitting in the cabin, with other passengers, the companion-way leading out aft, his ears were perpetually stunned with the horrid oaths of a sailor passsenger, talking with the captain at the helm. After enduring for a while, and pondering what to do, he stepped up and said to the sailor, 'Friend, I wish you would not swear any more during the rest of the passage.' Here a profound silence ensued, when I stepped back again to my seat. The amazed sailor started off to the bows of the packet, as though vengeance filled his heart and murder nerved his arm; but his study arm was soon unstrung and his direful heart was stung with thoughts of home and a mother's prayers. He returned, but slowly, to the cabin door, descended the steps, and took a seat by my side,—'Friend,' said he, 'why did you address *me* rather than the captain?' 'Only because you took the lead in swearing,' said I. 'I do not know that I swore much.' 'No! I suppose you were not sensible of it, for when the habit is fixed, men do not know how much they do swear. If I had kept account, I suppose your oaths would have numbered a thousand already. 'I have been out in the frigate Constitution,' he said, 'and just arrived at Portsmouth from the Mediterranean, and it is a common thing for the men to swear, and I suppose I am in the habit of it. I have a good mother in Bath, who would be greatly hurt to know that I swore so much.'

Here I saw the quick sensibility of one so rough, so wicked in the sight of God. He then wished to know where I should preach the next day, (it being Sabbath) for he intended to go and hear me. I was not then a preacher, this I assured him, but could scarcely convince him of the fact. I regret that I did not ascertain his name, or his future history; but not another oath escaped his lips during the passage, and he clung to my side, both on deck and below, till we landed at Bath.

If the admonition and conversation were of no saving benefit to the sailor, yet, about six months after, two of our fellow passengers joined Dr Payson's church, dating their conviction of sin from these very circumstances, and hearing of me in Portland, sent for me to their house to relate the fact. But the sailor—the sailor and his pious mother's grief, at the profanity of her son, and her profane son aware of the pangs of that pious heart, created too by his wickedness. Is this the only sailor who has a pious mother? Is he the only one that ever grieved such a mother? Is he the only one who ever felt sensible of the wound made in her heart? No, there are many, I fear, and strewed along our coast, throughout its length and breadth, and scattered over the ocean almost as the stars of the sky for multitude. Look them up, ye mariner's chaplains—ye benevolent men too, who constitute the Mariner's Society—ye landlords and merchants—ye landsmen who sail in the packets—look them up from among the profane and profligate, from merchant ships and the navy. Yes, ye men of wealth, look them up, by proxy, 'make to yourselves friends of (or with) the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'

A FRIEND TO SEAMEN.

The only argument against the immortality of the soul, is drawn from our own experience. We cannot but feel we are not fit to live once, much less twice.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Fitchburg, Mass. Sept 16, 1837.

Mr Editor,—I desire to say through your paper a few words to all those who are now studying upon any passages of Scripture, which seem to authorize, in any point of view, the construction which that body of Christians calling themselves Universalists have put upon them; or to those who are Universalists in name but are not settled in their belief: or to those who are likely to become Universalists through want of instruction, or attention.

I dont mean to say that the doctrines of Universalism are embraced by *all* these followers as affording a cloak to sin and indifference. On the contrary I believe that many, very many Universalists are acting on good motives, but as it seems to me ignorantly: and, such is my opinion of their candor and sincerity, that I feel sure, that if they could be made to perceive that the doctrine they have embraced is one which strikes at the very foundations of society, religion, and human happiness, (as it verily does inasmuch as it totally denies any bearing upon a life in eternity, of acts and thoughts in this world,—or, there is not nor can there be any disguise thrown over this fact, that if a man act on Universalist grounds and according to his doctrine, be he pirate, robber, murderer, drunkard, adulterer, or what not, his punishment and sorrow for such deeds cease when death comes; and he then enters upon a high and pure and holy and happy state of existence with the angels and Father of spirits.—'Preposterous, impious thought,')—such, I say, is my opinion of their candor and sincerity, that I feel assured that if they could meet any work, which goes over the whole ground, and which is supported by sound logic in scripture testimony, which should controvert their favorite theory, they would examine it, study it, analyze it, closely, and if answerable, answer it, if not, yield and confess they had been led astray. Such a work I now recommend to them. It is a work which has not been answered, nor can it be in my humble opinion. Its name is 'Whitman's Letters to a Universalist.' It has been read much and by many, but yet many have not been allowed to hear of it. Now to all who are seeking light on that specious subject Universalism, I say get it, read it without fear of sneer or contempt, ask yourself if his arguments are not good, not sound, not Christian, not convincing; if you answer they are not, then I call upon you to meet them boldly, fully, clearly. To speak of the talents and piety of its author, the late Mr Bernard Whitman, were useless. The friends of 'civil and religious liberty,' will to latest times revere his name, as the hallowed name of one who, when priestcraft, bigotry and clerical usurpations were at their height, dared to stand forth and do battle for the right; and how well, and how nobly, let his 'Controversy with Professor Stewart,' in which some facts were elicited, which astounded the community, his powerful and completely unanswered and unanswerable tract on 'denying the Lord Jesus,' as well as numerous other publications show—and when it is said that the Letters to Universalists, is a production of his pen, no further recommendation would seem needed. This work is however by no means faultless in style or matter. It was written I believe when Mr Whitman was out of health, and so hurried that he sent each morning to the printers what was written the day before, without revision or correction, and as a necessary consequence, it is somewhat diffuse—and in some arguments lame; but strip it of all its faults, and enough is left to convince every candid seeker after truth that the doctrines of the Universalist are not to be found in the Bible, and are subversive of morality and religion. This I firmly believe, and shall do so until I read an answer to this powerful theological work.

A LOVER OF LOGIC AND TRUTH.

A REASON FOR AFFLICTION.—It is a happy thought of the Rev. Basil Wood, 'God hath afflicted you in mercy, that you may think of him, and that you may have time to think of him; he hath called you aside from the bustle of the world.' How often do we hear men say, (and how much oftener do they think it though they do not say it,) that they would perform this and that duty of religion if they had time. But they are hindered by worldly business, by the cares of a family, by the calls of public life, &c. But these men must suspend their engrossing pursuits, when the Lord lays his hand upon them by sickness or sorrow. Have they ever reflected that they must find time to die?'

DECEITFULNESS OF SIN.—'*What fruit had ye?*' There is no real fruit in sin, the promises thereof are all false and deceitful. Gehazi promised himself gain, but got the leprosy. Balaam pursued honor, but met with a sword. Achan found a wedge of gold, but it cleaved asunder his soul from his body. The only fruits of sin are shame if we repent, and death if we do not repent.—*Bp. Reynolds.*

The following Hymn, by Rev. Mr Pierpont, was sung at the Odeon, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 20, 1837, on the occasion of the first Fair and Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

Not with a conqueror's song,
Thy courts, O God, we throng,
For battles gained;
No cannon's sulphurous throat,
No trumpet gives its note,
No banners o'er us float,
With fresh blood stained.

Over no captive kings,
Our eagle spreads her wings,
Or whets her beak;
Nor, o'er the battle plain,
Where death-shot fell like rain,
Where lie in gore the slain,
Comes her shrill shriek.

For ART, which thou hast given,
The tribute, due to heaven,
We come to pay;
ART, that, to deck her halls,
On air and vapour calls,
On winds and water-falls,
And all obey.

ART, that, from shore to shore,
Moves, without sail or oar,
'Gainst winds and tides;
Or, high o'er earth and seas,
Sits in her car at ease,
And heavenward, on the breeze,
Triumphant rides.

ART, that, through mountain bars
Breaks, that her horseless cars
Self-moved may go;
And, without looking back,
Rolls, on her iron track,
Where the white cataract
Thunders below.

ART, that, on spool or reel,
Winds the smooth silk or steel
Spun by her hand,
Then, with her touch of fire,
Draws, from the chord or wire,
Tones that an angel choir
Well might demand.

ART, that, to thee, MOST HIGH!
Gladly doth sanctify
Her works and powers;
Lord, ere our tongues are still,
Our hands forget their skill,
To thy most holy will
Devote we ours.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

NOTES OF AN INVALID.—NO. 9.

VISIT TO THE PLANTERS. NIGHT ENCAMPMENT. THE RICH MR K. WITH HIS BLACK CONSORT AND OFFSPRING.

The invalid had spent but little time at St. Augustine, when his improvement in health and spirits received a new impetus by the arrival of an invalid step-father, with his mother and a sister; thus making the place, which was most congenial to his health, the home of his affections. Shortly afterward, having the desire, and sufficient strength, he accepted, with his sister, invitations to accompany a few planters' families to their estates on St. John's river.

It was a delightful day when the party mounted their gigs and horses, and passing out through the northern gate ploughed through the first few miles of sand that skirt the city. But the varied and unsettled state of the road, or path-way, soon showed they were in a new country: Large creeks of uncertain depth were often to be forded. Here they passed over large fields of the Chinese Bayonet, a kind of Palmetto; there, through Pine-Barrens, or an unshaded savanna, carpeted with verdure and flowers: Next they passed the rich hammocks appearing like luxuriant islands. Then a swamp with its tall trunks and jutting buttresses of the sombre cypress. Farther on, the forests thickened with Live Oak and the satin-leaved Magnolia, queen of trees; and near by, opened the outskirts of a plantation, with a pair of date trees, and olive and orange groves, that scented the air far around. Then all along clustered vines of wild honeysuckles, and the beautiful jasmine and myrtles, gladdening the sight, lent their fragrance to the soft winds, while the paroquet, the mocking-bird, and other songsters made melody in the midst. Ay! then it seemed like Florida—the land of Flowers—whither the credulous Ponce de Leon came to seek the reported fountain of perpetual youth. But alas! though the hand of God may have marked it for the garden of the world, man has done nothing to improve it.

By a little past noon, the party had arrived at Six-Mile-Creek, not far from Picolata; and there upon a little cleared spot—no house being near—a fire was kindled—a cloth was spread upon the earth, and covered with supplies brought for the purpose. To this rustic feast, the party—gypsy-like—sat down upon the nearest stumps or reclined upon the turf. The mode of dining was novel to the strangers, but rendered very agreeable by keen appetites and pleasant company, even in spite of the importuning crowds of mosquitos. The comfort however was soon marred by the mention of horrid snakes, and the kind warning from one of the company to look out for Jiggers and Seed-Ticks, said to be very abundant and worse than snakes. 'Worse than snakes!' exclaimed Miss J. 'Pray tell me what they are.' 'The first' she was answered 'is an exceedingly small insect that embeds itself in the flesh of the foot and there generates: And the second kind is almost as bad and very minute: They collect in great numbers and hang in balls from blades of grass like swarms of bees from trees; and if a set gets upon any one, they instantly spread over the whole person, and with such tenacity fasten to the skin, as with difficulty to be pulled off.' The repast being finished with such hints, the party hastened to boats waiting for them at the creek; and were thence in a few hours rowed by merry singing negroes to St. Johns. There the members of the party were separated at the several plantations where they resided; the invalid with his sister, landing at the place chosen to commence their visits, were welcomed by all on shore, as if members of the family.

A plantation has little to be described: It is generally an immense clearing or farm, with few or no divisions, and in the midst of logs and skeleton trees killed by girdling, the soil is cultured for cotton or sugar. In the centre is the domicil of the master's family, and a little in the rear those of the negroes. Generally there is little to distinguish the master's cabin from those of his slaves, excepting a second story: They are all constructed of logs piled up for walls and dove-tailed together at the corners: They have either clay or slab floors—plastered wood chimnies, and no glazing. The first night the invalid had to attain his lodging place by an outside ladder, and the apartment was long and well lighted through its interstices by the moon. Yet the owner of that mansion was a wealthy planter, who at Saratoga would sport as splendid an equipage, and live in style as refined as the best; but at home, though always a free, and noble hearted host, he lives at ease with house and dress adapted to his business.

After spending a few days among the generous planters—the invalid accepted an invitation to accompany one of them, a Mr T—, with an old friend, down the St. John's river to St. Mary's. The boat and company were announced at the landing early the next morning, and, with the invalid on board, they were soon making rapid way, favored by the combined forces of the current, their sails, and four negroes at the oars. It was in the month of March, and yet the sun's heat was quite oppressive till 4 o'clock in the evening. There were few houses upon the flat river banks, and nothing peculiarly interesting, unless it were the continued forests of the Magnolia Grandi flora, and Live Oaks draperied with festoons of the Spanish gray moss; or occasionally the lazy aligators taking alarm, and falling from the logs on which they reposed into the waters; or the bounding of a startled deer in the edge of the forest; or the satirical mimicry of the mocking birds. Then the negroes as they cheerily pulled their oars to the notes of impromptu songs started many a merry laugh: And the planter's friend contributed also a little amusement; for he was a whimsical old French bachelor, and, take the subject where you will, from any nation, a bachelor by choice, is a public mark of raillery; and as steel sharpens steel, there is many a witty flash, struck out from the hard hearted Benedicts by fretting collisions. So it was with the Frenchman: But he could not bear much joking, though he was willing to confess that instead of being pinned to the skirts of a faithful *one* he was dependent on the jeering merciless *many*; he was in every one's way, with sympathy from none—and like a lone tree, exposed to every pelting storm, was becoming daily more gnarled and ugly—and even his name seemed to screen the vista of social prospects.

The second night, it was found necessary to encamp upon the shore, as, at sunset, no house was near. Accordingly a fire was kindled—a rude tent pitched under the lee of the smoke, to ward off the dew—a kettle of rice was cooked for supper—and leaving a blazing beacon against obtrusive bears and other midnight prowlers, the gentlemen reclined in their tent, and the negroes, with feet nearly in the fire, stretched themselves around, and were soon wrapped in luxurious sleep. The invalid courted in vain the favors of Somnus; and as he restlessly turned from side to side, his friend, the planter lying next him, noticed it, and proposed to lull him, with a story of his experience in camping out.

'One very dark night,' said he, 'I was encamped with a friend, much as we are now, when in the dead stillness of the night I was aroused by a loud snuffing sound, as if some animal, near by, were trying to smell out the contents of our camp, preparatory to an attack. Upon the instant, I started partly up—seized my rifle—and was ready for defence, when pretty soon I heard it again; but, to my surprise, (I laugh when I think of it) I traced the alarm to the olfactory efforts of an old nigger, who just then raised himself up, and thus soliloquized: 'sn'ff! sn'ff! Who foot dat a burn? —sn'ff—Who foot dat a burn?'—then putting his hand down to his feet he exclaimed: 'Oh, psha! nigger's own foot a burn.'

The following morning the sailing party were early upon the water, and soon met in their way a Mr Kingsley, taking a short cruise in a neat plantation yacht. He was very polite, and as Mr P. was a favorite friend he insisted upon a visit, and urged that the party should at least take a breakfast with him. The invalid has heard much, to excite his curiosity about this Mr K. and was at once inclined to accept the invitation. Mr P. accordingly consented, 'Now,' said Mr P. to the invalid, 'Now you have a chance of seeing something new under the sun. The plantation of this old fellow in the yacht is on Fort George's island a few miles off, and as we work our way to his landing, I will tell you a little about him. I think in his youth he was a yankee captain; but he very early engaged in the Slave Trade and continued it several years. At last, having accumulated sufficient means and reserved perhaps 200 slaves for himself, he relinquished the trade—came to Florida—bought several plantations—and selected the one we are now approaching which was then a perfect garden, laid out in parks, arbors and flower beds, for his own residence. But, to crown it all, what do you think he chose for a wife?—Why one of the blackest wenches that you ever saw. But perhaps you will think stranger, that he has been faithful to her for more than twenty years, he has a grown mulatto son by her, and two mulatto daughters, and they all live together in concord as blissful as the best. The son superintends the plantation, and the girls are accomplished candidates for the Hymeneal altar. Tutors have attended them from infancy and the girls have been taught music, and dancing, the modern languages and polite literature: How much they know of these branches I cannot tell, as they are very modest, and always avoid white strangers. The old man however himself likes very much to have civil white persons call upon him, and he will be very polite; but you will laugh, I know, to hear him descant upon the superior charms of the African beauties. But we are close to the landing now: Just yonder where you see a ship on the stocks is the place. You will soon be there to see and judge for yourself.' It proved to be just as Mr P. had described. The sooty spouse was indeed as black as jet—as strongly scented as a musk-rat—and, to prejudiced eyes, as ugly as pictures of the king of sinners. The offspring were not so ugly, but, surprised in their pastimes, they took flight at once when the strangers approached. The son left his violin—one girl ran for the piano, and the other, from a waltz with a large dog held erect, followed her mother to the loom and spindle in an adjoining room. After breakfast the host showed his guests about the house and displayed the many curiosities he had brought from Africa; but most of all he seems to prize the pictures of African beauties which were painted from originals by a French artist and then adorned his parlor. One of the originals he had himself seen, and before her picture he poured out his rhapsodies to his guests upon her personal charms. 'Ah!' said he 'the elegance, the enbonpoint, the elasticity of her figure was unequalled. I know, prejudiced white people do not like the African style of beauty; but to see the original of this picture would I am sure disarm all prejudice. Then there is no complexion like the African for setting off with jewelry with effect'—Thus he proceeded in most eloquent strains, which perhaps in poetry might run thus:

'That ebon skin, with crimson seen beneath,
Those killing eyes, and charming snow-white teeth!
Such rich, soft lips, that princely beauty had,
She might, I'm sure, make any man run mad.'

The old man, however, did not think so favorably of black men, but wished very much to obtain white husbands for his daughters. He has indeed offered $20,000 worth of property, and thirty or forty negroes, to any decent white man who will marry either of his daughters and treat her well. But none have seemed to appreciate the tripple prize, and the old man still remains the only white man on the ground. What could have turned the mind of Mr K. to such tastes and associates the wise ones may surmise; yet true it is—though a white human being—with many white relations—and rich withal—he lives just as has been described from choice. Surely there is no accounting for taste.

As no temporal blessing is good enough to be a sign of salvation, so no temporal affliction is bad enough to be an evidence of reprobation, for the dearest Son of God's love was 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.'

Extracts from an Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August 31, 1837. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BOOKS.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value, is, the active soul,—the soul, free, sovereign, active. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence, it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius always looks forward. The eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead. Man hopes. Genius creates. To create,—to create,—is the proof of a divine presence. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the efflux of the Deity is not his:—cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive always from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence. The literature of every nation bear me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakspearized now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right of reading,—so it be sternly subinordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious, to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the soul seeth not, when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining,—we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray to guide our steps to the East, where the dawn is. We hear that we may speak. The Arabian says, 'A fig tree looking on a fig tree, becometh fruitful.'

ACTION TO THE SCHOLAR.

There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,—as unfit for any handiwork or public labor, as a penknife for an axe. The so called 'practical men' sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or *see*, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy,—who are always more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day,—are addressed as women: that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and, indeed, there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it, he is not yet man. Without it, thought can never ripen into truth. While the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we can not even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world,—this shadow of the soul, or *other me*, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts, and make me acquainted with myself. I launch eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructers in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power.

It is the raw material out of which the intellect moulds her splendid products. A strange process too, this, by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin. The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions,—with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it, than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life,—remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour, it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Always now it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe, too, the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state, it cannot fly, it cannot shine,—it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us, by soaring from our body into the empyrean. Cradle and infancy, school and play ground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules, the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 30, 1837.

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S SACRIFICE.

FROM OUR ODD DRAWER.

It happened to us the other day, while sounding in our *dead sea*, (not so called—like Asphaltites—because of its being in any remarkable degree impregnated with *salt*, nor yet because of the extraordinary clearness and transparency of its contents, nor yet because their specific gravity is great, without a precedent) in the hope of finding something that might possess life, and which, after *being* dressed might answer to serve up to our Readers, for a *Saturday's dinner*—of which, luckily, no great account is made—it happened, we were to say, that we found floating there a detached leaf of a Journal, which had been KEPT by us—(non parva componere magnis—i. e. being interpreted—we do not mean to cast any reflections upon the conduct of any graver body)—during a journey on horse back, on the Western side of the Alleghanies, some eight or ten years ago. The precise date of said leaf, it is impossible now to ascertain—(a circumstance which does not cause us one moment's uneasiness, notwithstanding, there are some of our most estimable friends who would have a sleepless and troublous night, under the intolerable burden of an unascertainable era of a thing of no greater moment to mankind.) Neither can we point on the map, to the exact latitude and longitude of the *place* where the scenes described, occurred. And as for the *name*, we know not that the spot then even had a name. All the topographical and Chronological data that we can decipher or remember are as follows—Ohio—June 3—(we suppose 30, as a figure is erased after the 3, and it cannot be 1,)—182—conjectural 5—.

It is only necessary further to premise, that we shall copy from the Mss. verbatim et literatim—for many special reasons—e. g.—we respect the truth in narrative, &c. &c. and, moreover, deem that the most nettlesome, and withal fruitless task in the world, is to revise, correct, amend, and renew any of one's old compositions—even of *one's own*—how much more then—we cannot resist the opportunity of adding—to patch up and mend *another's* literary *second hands* (which some of our correspondents seem not to be aware of, for we received not long ago the following modest and thoughtful request at the close of a communication of some eight or ten pages, miserably scrawled and not at all punctuated—'Mr Editor, have the goodness to revise this as *I* have not time, and oblige, yours &c'—Now, be it known, in order that the sweetness of the labor thus imposed upon us may be fully seen—that the said communication was a direct attack upon some remarks of our own, which, it aimed both to cast into ridicule and to nullify—What! we thought—to whet the instrument that is pointed at the heart of one's own offspring! Nevertheless we went to work, very meekly, having plenty of time to spare, and no temper to lose, and did the favor asked. And now, quoth'e, *how was obliged* was the writer? Ans—Not at all. Mem. We foreknew that he would not be. Ergo—If no other set of men are *disinterested Editors* sometimes are.)

But where are we? Jogging on, forsooth, much in the same way as we took the journey, above mentioned—following out every path that opened invitingly before us—suffering ourself to be turned aside by the smallest thing, tracing a brook—ascending a hill—penetrating a shade—chasing a squirrel—led on by

the scented air to the quiet home of the wild flowers and the fern.

But, au revoir—or, an incontinent preface will swallow up our tiny tale.

June 3–, 182–, at a Cottage in the Woods of Ohio.

The ride of to day has been more delightsome and exhilarating than the wasted dyspeptic, ever dared to hope to enjoy again. During twenty five miles, gone over, I have passed not so many human dwellings, and those, all built of logs, partially squared, and placed one upon the other.

A beautiful river has been within sight or hearing, all day long—which, now has expanded, between the more gentle and yielding banks, broadly, as if it were an inland lake, while its waters seemed to have stayed their onward flow to the ocean, as if there was a spirit in *them too* that sighed for rest, and they would have loved to linger in the domain of peace forever—and anon, has crowded up into itself and darted by, where the impending shores pressed more rudely against it, as if, like human tyranny, they would check its joyous and natural flow.

The path which I have travelled has been pursued at random—one only star pointing its direction, and that, the sweet promise of seclusion. It has been winding about, nearly the whole distance, in the deep shade of a majestic forest—like which, New England has none, whether in view of the grandeur of its regal individuals, or for the vastness of its grave and reverend community.

The air has been bland and genial as ever fanned the broad palm leaf in the sweetest garden of the earth; and yet, as inspiriting, as ever has kissed the glowing cheek of Alpine nymph, while it has breathed into her heaving bosom a life of health, whose source she does not think to question, any more than she pauses in her mountain chase to ask if she is happy.

It has been one of those rare and precious days, for whose boon, all that lives insensibly gives thanks—when life itself is gratitude. One of those days, when nature seems surcharged with the spirit of love—so that even the most misanthropical and pertinaciously wretched of hearts is imperceptibly wooed out of its self-erected charnel house—and the slow pulse dances, and the dull eye lightens up, and the marble cheek glows red, and the patient in his confinement, has the casement raised and another pillow placed beneath his languid head—and mothers may be seen,—the country through—carrying abroad their pale and sickly progeny to take their share of God's blessing, and bathe in the warm and limpid air—and sons and daughters, propping up the aged sire or dame, as they totter out to bask their chilled frame in the sunshine once more, and freshly dream of life's morning glow, and look back, over the hill of life, to the garden on the other side, where the sun always shone. One of those days, in fine, when it seems the purpose of God to give to all his children, both just and unjust, a holiday, while Heaven lends its choicest influences to earth, and smiles from end to end, to see all creatures glad.

I have been more happy than I can tell. Let me never forget this day—Let its memory come over me, in other desponding days, and dark and dreary nights, when the whole head shall again be sick, and the whole heart faint, and the sun and the moon and the stars shall not give to me their light—let it come, as a token of the *ever-smile*, that my own clouded breast cannot then see—let it come, as a sign of the power and willingness of Him in whom alone I live and move, to give, at any hour, perfect bliss to my thirsting soul—let it come to me, as a sweet harbinger of what, perchance, *tomorrow* may bring with it—let it come, as an antepast of what eternity shall be, if I but trust and hope in the stormy hour, and follow on, through sun and shade after that smile—whose reflection I have once seen, that I might know that it is that only, for which my heart and flesh do cry out, and that I might never, never let it go from before my longing eyes.

Early in the afternoon, after a primitive and sweet noon-feast, made up of a bit from my saddle bags, and a quaff from a clear rivulet, —shared with infinite relish, by my most companionable and temperate horse,—I came suddenly upon a little knot of buildings, consisting of three houses, with their complement of small and rudely constructed sheds for domestic animals, all closely clustered together, in the midst of a narrow and partial clearance.

It is singular, I thought, that I see and hear no signs of occupancy in this most pleasant and comfortable of forest abiding places. Where are the silver-headed, and trumpet-tongued cherubs, that I should have looked for, already to be surrounding and climbing upon the stranger's horse,—as they poured out,—impelled no less by genuine Western hospitality, than by childish curiosity,—from the '*multum in parvo*' of a Backwoodsman's abode?

And where are the hale, and brown-visaged mistresses of these houses of logs—queens of noble bearing, of warm and honest heart, and of wide domain? And where are the huge dogs, that, even after long experience of their harmlessness to an open brow, I hardly dare to face, and before which it would ill become a bear to stand?

Sure, something extraordinary has happened to this little neighborhood, who have nothing to protect them but their courage, their honesty, and their God.—Pray Heaven that it be no ill!

I spurred forward, sprung to the ground, cast the reins freely upon my horse's neck, and entered the open doors of one after another of the huts, till all had been completely examined, and found to be silent and deserted.

Nothing within, however, indicated harm or a hurried remove; and feeling assured that those whom I sought were not far off; I took the first foot path, that presented itself, and went on, if perchance, to join them.

Fortunately I selected the right avenue: and after a brisk walk, of not many minutes, came upon the assembled party. On looking down from the summit of a gentle acclivity in the undulating path, I saw, standing, all uncovered,—in an easy and graceful group, around an old man, whose locks were long and white, but whose form was erect and powerful, and whose face shewed no sign of age—it might be, a score of emigrants, older and younger, male and female, in the attitude of the profoundest reverence, and, as was easily manifest, engaged in prayer. Instantly my steps were staid, the influence of the scene took possession of my soul, and, though I could learn no words of their petition, I let my heart go Heavenward with theirs in indefinite, but not less true and earnest supplication.

As soon as a little stir in the assemblage warned me that the spirits of my brethren had come back to earth again, I stepped carefully down, and, unimpeded and almost unnoticed, took my stand amongst them.

Immediately, the whole mystery of the scene was revealed to me—for I heard the old man, who had acted as Priest to kindle the altar for his brethren, say, as he spread out his arms, and a smile like that which illuminated the face of Jesus, when he blessed little children, played upon his weather-worn visage—'Let the children be presented for Baptism!'—He was an itinerant Evangelist, whom the SPIRIT led hither and thither, among the wanderers of the wilderness, to tell sweet tidings of salvation, to break the bread of life, and pour out the cup of blessing, and place the seal of the good shepherd upon the foreheads of his scattered lambs, so that not one of them should be lost.

Three Fathers, in turn, presented, each three children to the holy man; and he dipped his finger into a natural basin of rock, into which the overflowing drops of a perennial spring, clear as innocence itself, trickled down; and sprinkled the symbolical waters upon their foreheads; and, looking up to Heaven, as he raised his hand thitherward from off each upturned and sunny brow, repeated the deeply significant and soul moving words, divinely appointed for the sacred rite, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen.

And now, two of the grateful sires, as soon as they had offered their children—who seemed to feel as if something mysterious, and holy, and yet most happy, had been done unto them—led them back to the side of their mothers, who, silent and subdued, had waited aside, with thrilling interest, for the issue of the sacred work.

One father, with his three, remained, while the third mother came up, and carefully unfolding the clean and white drapery which enveloped the fairest and newest of her precious jewels, placed an infant, of but a few days age in the arms of the holy man: who, with a feeling of reverence, as if he were dealing with an unfallen angel, just stirred the water in the bowl of rock, and raised his trembling hand to place the mystical signet upon a brow that reflected Heaven.

Every eye was intently fastened on him, and every heart was altogether gone out to him—but his hand remained lifted on high—an ashy paleness spread over his cheek—and, pausing for one moment, to collect his evidently agonized emotions—while we all stood breathless in bitterest suspense,—at length, with a calmness and tenderness of tone, that could not fail to still the most tempestuous grief, instead of the wonted baptismal words, ejaculated, as he gave back the soulless body to the bosom of the fainting mother—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be his holy name.

POEMS BY WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

Weeks, Jordan and Co. have just published a volume with the above title. It consists of 134 pages; and as respects its typographical merits, and its whole exterior, is one of the most beautiful books of the day.

Its contents are nearly a score and a half of short poems, with titles well selected and taking. The advertisement informs the public that these poems are the results of the author's leisure at College, and that they are published for experiment.

We have read most of them with much pleasure. They indicate a decided talent for poetry. Some passages in the volume are powerfully, and some beautifully imagined and written.

For one, we say to the author, what we should not say, to five young aspirants for poetical fame out of five thousand, you have not mistaken your natal star. It shines upon Parnassus. Let us hear from thee again, anon.

The following is a fair specimen of the writer's blank verse.

MORNING.

Sad and unquiet thoughts had come to me,
And press'd upon my spirit with strange force,
Long ere the day's dawn; and, though I did wake
From a half-pleasant dream, and cast from me
The silken drapery that obscured the day,
And let the cool sweet morning to my brow—
I could not all shake off th' oppressive weight,
Which lay like a dead mountain on my heart.

I leant upon my arm—and far below,
The wood lay gleaming in a silvery veil
Wove by the dews, and there so beautifully
Their green tops slept in the soft sunlight, I
Was witched into the spirit of poesy.
The streams foamed down their channels, the brisk lads
Were driving out their cattle to the hills,
The clack of the old mill was heard, the ring
Of the smith's anvil, and the bustling sound
Of preparation and the stir of day.
Music was all abroad, and seem'd to be
A portion of Creation. The light catch
The teamsman sung—the whistle of the lads
Responsive, had a newness, and I thought
An unheard sweetness. The light tides of air
Were full of it—the melodies of bees,
Fresh in the honey-dropping flowers, the sounds
Of streams and distant waters, and came up
The plaintive whistle of one single bird,
That, perched upon a neighboring hill-top, seem'd
Calling the world from slumber.
Why, alas!
O! why wakes not the immortal part of earth
From the deep seated sorrow of the heart,
Thus easily? Why cannot man cast off
These thoughts, and glooms, that do so cling to him,
And waken to the life and happiness,
Which such proud faculties as his can give?
O! 'tis because there is a power within,
Whisp'ring of good neglected, ill preferred,
Duties pass'd off, and faculties misus'd!
It is, because the mortal triumphs, while
The purer passions, crush'd or rooted out,
Leave him to be enslaved; and thus, in moments,
When Meditation, like a vestal, waits
Upon his heart, the buoyancy and peace
That should be his, give place to heaviness,
And indefinable wretchedness of soul.
O! could the heart be school'd—could it be made
True to its nature—to the impress graved
Upon it by the hand of Deity;
Could it be taught to balance good and ill,
With purpose to be wise—could it but choose
The pure, and love it for its purity,—
How happy then, were all this beautiful world!

We publish, by request, the following extract from a letter recently received from a friend in New York City.

New York, Sept. 23, 1837.

Dear Sir,—Messrs. E. & G.G.Hook of Boston, have recently placed an Organ of their make, in the Second Congregational Church in this city, (Rev. Mr Dewey's). It is the first instrument these gentlemen have put up in this city.

It contains 20 stops,—is a very superior instrument, and does the maker great credit. Many of our best Amateurs have pronounced this judgement upon it.

Yours Respectfully, G. W. W.

ORDINATION.

Ordained in Leominster, on Wednesday, the 20th inst, Mr R. P. Stebbins, late of the Theological School in Cambridge. The services on the occasion were highly interesting and impressive, and as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scripures, by Rev. Mr Osgood, of Sterling, Sermon by Prof. H. Ware, Jr., D. D., from Col. i. 28, Ordaining Prayer by Rev. Mr Allen, of Bolton, Charge by Rev. Dr Thayer. of Lancaster, Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr Lincoln, of Fitchburg, Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr Muzzey, of Cambridgeport, Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr Allen, of Northboro'.

We congratulate the Society in Leominster, on account of their very flattering prospects, and earnestly hope that they may be fully realized.

ZEBULON by the author of MAMMON has been sent us by the publishers, *Gould Kendall & Lincoln*.—Notice next week.

William D. Ticknor has just published a very useful practical Treatise on the cultivation of the Grape Vine on open walls. By Clement Hoare. First American Edition.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

An Auxiliary Association has been formed in Barre. Mr Spencer Field, agent, and

Messrs. CHESTER GORAM, CHARLES RICE, ALBERT ALDEN, MOSES MANDALL, DAVID BACON. } Standing Com.

An auxiliary has likewise been formed in Billerica, of which Rev. W. E. Abbot, is the agent, and

FRANCIS FAULKNER Esq. DEA. SAMUEL WHITING. DEA. JEREMIAH CROSBY. MR GEO. ELLIOT. MR CHARLES CUTLER. } Standing Com.

In a former No. of the Register there was a mistake respecting the amount of funds received by the Treasurer of the A. U. A. from the Auxiliary Association in South Scituate. The sum received was $25,00.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SAMUEL DEXTER MC KAY.

Died in Boston, July 30th, Samuel Dexter McKay, aged 19 years, eldest son of the late Col. S. M. McKay, of Pittsfield, and grandson of the late Hon Samuel Dexter. It is always pleasant to pay a tribute to the memory of those we loved. The influence which they exerted over us when living is not lost, but hallowed, by death. The recollection of their virtues comes over the mind like the tranquillizing breath of spring, calming every unholy feeling and invigorating us for our onward path.

Dexter McKay possessed rare excellence of character, combined with high mental endowments. His native cast of mind, for one so judicious and discriminating, was diffident, delicate, and retiring in an extraordinary degree. It was not by superficial observers his capacity was understood. Those only who knew him well could appreciate the reach of his intellect, the delicacy of his apprehension, the maturity of his reasoning powers, and the equipoise and symmetry of his character. His accomplishments were solid and respectable; his manners sedate and correct. His habits were irreproachable, filial, and singularly free from every thing censurable in human view. In his earliest years his judgment was always correct, rendering him a valuable counsellor to his friends: and this was through life his marked characteristic. He had great singleness of mind, a teachable spirit, and was always remarkably subjected to the sway of duty. When very young, he remarked to his mother, after a correction she never had occasion to repeat, that, 'he would rather receive the punishment again, than again feel the pain he did at having disobeyed her.' His natural temper was marked by sympathy, kindness, good will and great firmness of purpose. He was bland, equable and benignant, under all circumstances, and in every situation. There was in him a certain greatness of soul, that kept him at an almost infinite distance from every mean purpose or low action. He was no intermeddler. He never troubled himself with matters which did not concern him. Ever manifesting the utmost dislike to the unchristian habit of thoughtless slander, he was ready at all times to espouse the cause of the absent, whose characters were impeached, or whose motives were impugned. His stubborn love of truth sometimes led to the erroneous impression, that he was wanting in kindness and interest in others; but it was because he hated heartless professions where no real feeling existed. Whenever he could render a service to any one, it was done without words or display, promptly and quietly. Many instances might be told of his untiring exertions to reclaim the erring and arrest the vicious. In these efforts, if he did not succeed, he always made the offender his friend. Such a blending of judicious kindness with moral courage, is uncommon in mature age; much more in one so young. With the integrity and benevolence of his character, and the most intense affection for his friends, was united an habitual control over his own spirit, that forbade his ever being betrayed into hasty words or actions. In his most unguarded intercourse with his friends, his temper was never disturbed, nor was there any thing to wish concealed or amended.

It is his religious character, however, which enhances his loss; and which, while it consoles the grief of his friends, makes his memory precious to their affections. His piety was in unison with his whole character; calm, inquisitive, rational, and at the same time strong and earnest. It did not consist in idle visions or airy fancies, but was built upon substantial truth. He had examined carefully the great truths which relate to the divine character and government, and the way of salvation, and he rested upon them with unshaken confidence. He believed the doctrines and practised the precepts of the Savior, doctrines and precepts which shed a hallowed radiance on the path of his duty and the bed of his death. His religious views and opinions evinced a pious, liberal and independent mind. They were formed from the sacred volume, unfettered by any prejudice of education or over attachment to a creed. He saw in the scriptures a religion truly divine, and clearly discerned a wide and essential difference between the scheme there revealed and the best system of ethics which unaided human reason had ever framed. On all the great and peculiar doctrines of the Gospel his mind felt no hesitation and underwent no change. He was a Unitarian; believing in the strict and proper unity of the divine nature, and concentrating in his conception of the Father, all that was lovely and benignant, all that was venerable and holy. He fully believed that 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.' That 'there is no other name given under Heaven whereby we can be saved,' and to his atonement he looked for his only hope of acceptance. The words of the apostle—'but to us there is but one God the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ,' he often repeated as calling for his fullest faith. Of his belief he made a public profession at the Brattle street Church, Boston, a few months before his death. Previous to this, his friends, had induced him to relinquish his severer studies for more active employments. Under the excitements which these afforded his system, his complaints seemed rapidly to disappear, and it was then that he was made to avow openly his faith in Christ. It was a serious, deliberate act; and the responsibilities it involved, the unceasing vigilance, the undaunted courage, the indifference to the world's estimate of excellence, the daily and hourly sacrifice of will to duty, he had well considered. It was the act of a clear mind, unclouded by superstition, and undisturbed by the apprehension of death; declared in the hope of a long life, and confirmed in the serene contemplation of his expected change.

No man ever began life with fairer prospects than Dexter McKay. Not a cloud was to be seen in his horizon. With talents, reputation, friends, all that the world calls valuable, he bade fair to pass his days in the sunshine of prosperity and to reach an evening of age, gilded by the beams of happiness. But disease overtook him, 'the silver cord was broken at the wheel,' and his hopes all faded. From the time of his arrest, his decline was gentle, regular, and for the last few weeks almost without suffering. Few death-beds are so serene and rational as was his; few so enlightened in the hope they inspire or in the example they reveal. He saw his end approaching, submitted to the will of God, and prepared to meet him with joy in a better world. Humility, submission, patience, gratitude, faith in the Gospel, serenity of spirit and hope in the Lord Jesus Christ, characterized him to the last moment. There was no murmuring or impatience; no indifference or insensibility. The goodness of God, the beauty of his works, the infinite value of religion, the desire for the good of others, the bright path he had been led along through life, with a sense of his own unworthiness of all, engrossed his thoughts and governed his feelings. His faculties were unimpared, and he submitted to the will of his Heavenly Father with the meekness of a child. As death approached, there were no high excitements and raptures, nor were there any fears. He went down to the valley of death, as the full sun of spring sets, when not a cloud dims its brightness. The eye of faith had so clearly seen eternal realities, that the bosom gave not a sigh, nor the eye a tear, nor the heart a throb of fear, as the king of terrors came. It was not death so much as the sweet confidence of an infant, falling asleep in the arms of its Father. It was a scene 'quite on the verge of Heaven;' and most thankful are his friends that such a dear hallowed remembrance is left them of that hour.

His life, measured by the succession of years, was short; but it was happy and imparted happiness to all about him. He lived and grew among his friends loving and beloved; yet not undisciplined. His years of ill health gave ample occasion for the practice of self-denial, and taught him the delightful graces of kindness and consideration for others. His sufferings, so far from centering all his cares on self, seemed to destroy selfishness, and to engage all his warmest feelings in the cause of woe, in whatever shape it met his view. Thus early chastened, by his protracted illness, to the subduing of all unhallowed feeling, with a mind unbroken by decay, unclouded by delirium, thus has he passed away. So early called, so gently taken. He went from life before his spirit was crushed by its cares, or soiled by its impurities. Perfidy had never chilled, unkindness never wounded him. He carried with him the warmth of the young affections, the youth of the soul, the vigor and beauty and freshness of the spring of being.

INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to learn, that the Lectures at the Warren street Chapel, are to be resumed this season. The first of the second course is announced to commence on the last Tuesday in November.

Deposite Banks.—We understand that the deposite banks in this city owe the general government scarcely a dollar. Much as they have been slandered, they have paid their way well, and their bills are now worth within 5 per cent. of silver, much as the latter is wanted to send away, and as good for home use as they ever were.—*N. Y. Times.*

Death of Botta the Historian.—We learn from one of our foreign journals, that Charles Botta, the author of several well known historical works, lately died after a long and painful illness. He was a native of Piedmont, and was distinguished for his talents and excellent character. His principal works are 'The History of the War of the Independence of the United States,'—The History of Italy from 1789 to 1814,—and 'The History of Italy, continued from Guiccardini.' He is the author of some poetical works of merit, among which is the 'Siege of Veies.' The journal from which we derive the notice of this event, remarks, that the animated style of Botta, as a historian, has acquired for him the name of the Livy of our age.—*Dai. Adv.*

Rail road Accident.—The Raleigh (N. C.) Register states that a dreadful accident happened on the Petersburg Rail road, a few days since. The cars were descending a plane, about fourteen miles from Petersburg, with a full head of steam, which the Engineer persisted in increasing, though warned by his assistant of the probable consequence. Indeed so confident was the assistant of the imminent danger, that he retired to the back of the train. In a few moments, the engine ran off the track, upset, and killed the Engineer dead on the instant! Fortunately, no one but the reckless author of the mischief suffered.

New York Public Schools.—The number of scholars, says the Evening Post, in the public schools of this city, is 12,837, of whom 7200 are boys. These are all white. There are 1276 colored children at separate schools.

Copper Ore.—We learn from the Montrose (Susquehannah county, Pa.) Register, that in Brooklyn township in that county, on the farm of Mr Andrew Rogers, some copper ore has been discovered which on analyzation has been found to contain about 33 per cent of the metal. Very little pains have as yet been taken to search for the ore, so that no one knows in what quantities it may abound.

New Orleans, Sept. 19.—The fever, that all-engrossing topic, still continues to pursue its frightful career with an unmitigated severity, almost unexampled in the history of this epidemic. Its virulence even appears to augment; the number of its victims still increase, and medical men declare that it is less under the control of remedial agents than at its first appearance.

Life Saved.—At Leicester, Sabbath morning, July, 23, a messenger entered our assembly in haste, while we were engaged in public worship, to call out a physician. An interesting little daughter of Mr George Bellows, of this village, two years old, had fallen over the side into a cask of water, where the acqueduct emptied—and was taken out cold and apparently a corpse. It was not known how long she had been in the water, and the case appeared almost hopeless; but by continued efforts for nearly an hour, life began to return, and she was saved. As lives are doubtless often lost for the want of suitable means to restored them, I will notice what was done in this case. After some (perhaps useless) efforts to expel water from the mouth, the body was divested of wet clothes, and immediate efforts were made to restore natural warmth, by covering and rubbing the body (and limbs especially) with heated flannels. Warm ashes were used in chafing the limbs, and warmed spirits were rubbed on the temples &c. while a warm bath was preparing. Air was repeatedly forced into the lungs by an individual pressing his lips close to the open mouth of the child after taking in as full a breath as possible, and blowing hard into the mouth, at the same time holding the nose that the more might be forced into the lungs. As soon as the warm bath was ready; the body and limbs were immersed in it. After persevering nearly an hour life began to return. In cases of drowning, or suffocation by charcoal, two things are especially necessary: endeavor to restore natural warmth and action if possible; also be very persevering in blowing air into the lungs.—Some think it necessary to keep the body cool, but this is a fatal mistake; warm the body as soon as possible, and whatever some by-standers may say to the contrary, be sure to persevere in your efforts at least one hour, before you give up the case as hopeless. In the case above named, several providential circumstances favored the speedy use of means, which should be remembered with gratitude.—*N. H. Observer.*

Penny Royal.—Farmers might easily save the flesh of horses and cows, and confer great kindness on their animals, in preventing the usual annoyance of flies, by simply washing the parts with the extract of penny-royal. Flies will not alight for a moment on the spot to which this has been applied.—Every man who is compassionate to his beast, ought to know this simple remedy, and every livery stable and country inn ought have a supply on hand for travellers.

The Sioux Chiefs.—Cincinnati, Sunday, Sept. 3. After our paper was put to press yesterday, we saw a gentleman who came up from Louisville with the Indian Chiefs, who are nine in number, accompanied by eighteen *braves* of their nation. He describes them as noble looking fellows, in high spirits, performing their national dances, and otherways deporting themselves in such a manner as they thought would be most agreeable to their white friends. They are on their way to Washington for the purpose of making a treaty with our Government.

Since writing the above, we have seen a number of the chiefs and warriors. They are, indeed, fine looking men. One, whom we understood to be a leading one, is one of the finest specimens of a man we ever saw; deformed as his face was with paint, there were still visible features that would task the chisel of a Canova or Clevenger to perpetuate. The head is perfectly Grecian, with an eye, all would say at a glance, 'that melted in love, or kindled in war.'

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr William S. Tyler to Miss Catharine Anna Davies, of Halifax, N. S.; Dr R. W. Hooper to Miss Ellen Sturgis; Mr George W. Parsons to Miss Dorcas Robinson; Mr Henry Wyman to Miss Dorothy Snow.

In Charlestown, 22d inst. Mr Nathl. C. Hyde, merchant of New Orleans, to Miss Margaret W. daughter of Jona. Locke, Esq.

In Charlestown, Mr Solomon Parsons, of Griggsville, Ill. to Miss Caroline Ann, daughter of Mr John D. Edwards, of C.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Mary Adelaide, wife of Mr Wm. J Snelling, 39.

In this city, Mrs Catherine H. Kimball, 39.

In Quincy, on Wednesday last, Miss Frances C., 2d daughter of George W. Beale, Esq. 17.

In Salem, Mr Richard Hay, 56.

In Scituate, on Monday, Mrs Lucy, wife of Mr Thomas Pratt, 61.

In New Orleans, 11th inst. of yellow fever, Mr Thomas J. Cushing, son of Mr Isaac Cushing, of this city, 25.

EMERSON'S Oration.—An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, Aug. 31, 1837. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. For sale at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. sept 30

DUNGLISON'S Medical Library, No. 12.—Containing seven articles of Medical Intelligence, eight Bibliographical and other Notices,—Cormack on Creosote in its Chemical, Medicinal, and Physiological Properties, and the commencement of Stokes's Treatise on the Diagnosis and Treatment of Diseases of the Chest.

During the six months which have elapsed since this work was commenced, there have appeared 232 pages of Journal matter, and fourteen entire works have been reprinted, all by the best foreign writers, as Wardrop, Babington, Brodie, Itard, Bright, Stokes, Hamilton, Brichteneau, Colles, Andral, Louis,—translated by H. I. Bowditch, Cormack, &c. &c.

Specimens of the work can be obtained gratis, of the publishers, at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.

A new volume commences with the next No., 3328 pages per year, at $10.—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. sept 30

NEW BOOKS.

Pick Wick Club pt 4.
Live and Let Live.
Poor Rich Man.
Scourge of the Ocean.
Grund's America.
Animal Magnetism.
Cooper's England.
Janet Hamilton.
Rich Enough.
The Savings Bank.
Lockhart's Scott, Boston ed. 3 vols published &c.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO 134 Washington street. sept 30

TREATISE ON THE GRAPE VINE.—Practical Treatise on the cultivation of the Grape Vine on open walls by Clement Hoare 8 vo.

Just published by James Munroe & Co. 134 Washington Street. sept. 30.

SCHOOL BOCKS, STATIONARY AND ACCOUNT BOOKS.

WITH a good assortment of Juvenile Books for sale at whole and retail on the most favorable terms by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court St Corner of Brattle Street. sept 30.

NEW BOOKS.—Bancroft's History of the United States, vol 2; Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol 1; Young Lady Abroad, 1 vol; Venetia, D'Israeli, 2 vols; Letters from Palmyra, by Rev. Wm. Ware; Gleanings in Europe, 2 vols; Janet Hamilton, 2 vols; Introduction to Chronology; Autumn Leaves; Midshipman's Expedients, 2 vols; Life of Commodore Bainbridge; Lyell's Geology, 2 vols. 8vo; Leverett's English Latin Lexicon; Willis's Poems; Tyndall's New Testament; Crichton, by Ainsworth, 2 vols; The Ordipur Tyrannus of Sophocles; Characteristics of Women, by Mrs Jameson: Channing's Letter to Clay; Noyes's Prophets; Life of Scott, part 4, &c.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
s 30 Boston Bookstore, 124 Washington st.

THE SAVINGS BANK, and other Stories, forming Part 4 of the Stories from Real Life, this day published at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st.

Also, new editions of Part 1, Three Experiments—Part 2, Elinor Fulton—Part 3, The Harcourts.

These Stories are designed to teach true independence and domestic economy, and will be completed in five parts of 144 poges each, at $1 for the whole.
s 30 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

PETER SIMPLE, FOR 31 CENTS.—Peter Simple, and all Maryatt's Novels, including Snarleyyow, published at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street, at thirty one cents for each Novel.
s 80 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

MEMOIR OF REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.—A Biographical Sketch of the Rev. John Williams, first minister of Deerfield, Mass, with a slight sketch of ancient Deerfield, and an account of the early Indian Wars in that place and vicinity; with an Appendix, containing the Journal of Dr Stephen Williams of Longmeadow, during his captivity, and other papers relating to the Indian Wars in Deerfield. By Stephen M. Williams, M. D. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
s 30 134 Washington street.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism, by I. P. H. Delenge. Translated from the Paris edition. Part 1. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
s 30 134 Washington street.

OLD AND NEW BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

JUST received a variety of Sunday School books, many of which were supposed to have been, long since, out of print. They are among the very best that have ever been published under the patronage of the Unitarian denomination. The following are some of them:

Four Apples
Ann Beaumont
Footsteps to Natural History
Old Poz
Ellen Sinclair
Evening Hours, 12 Nos.
I'll Risk it
Barbauld's Hymns in Prose
Orphan Henry
Sequel to Marrion Wilder
The Skaters
New Year's Day
True Spirited Boy
William Weston, &c.

—Also—

The Young Lady Abroad
Cottage Evenings
Distinguished Characters
Child's Book on the Sabbath
Savings Bank, and other Stories
The Premium
Bush on Genesis
The Temperance Pledge
Sigourney's Letters

N. B. The following Manuals used in Sunday Schools:

Allen's Questions, in 3 parts—separate
Bible Biography
Child's Book on the Soul
Abstract of Sacred History
Service Book for S. S. by Rev J. Walker, D. D.
Sunday School Hymn Book
The Worcester Catechism,—Channing's do. &c.

For sale by BENJAMIN B. GREENE, 124 Washington street.
6tis sept 30

NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS.

THE Papers of the Pickwick Club, 4 vols.
The Savings Bank, &c. from part 4 of 'Stories from Real Life.'
Review of Dr Channing's Letter on Texas.
Lockhart's Life of Scott, 3 vols. Boston edition.
Dunglison's Medical Student.
Smith's Key to the Revelation.
Cooper's Gleanings in France and England.
Life of Commodore Bainbridge, &c &c.

For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. sept 30

DUNGLISON'S Medical Student—or, Aids to the Study of Medicine; including a glossary of the Terms of the Science. By Robley Dunglison, MD. Just published and for sale at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. sept 30

NEW YORK REVIEW,—edited by Prof. Henry, quarterly, at $5,

The general tone and spirit of this work will be conformed to the principles of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It will embrace all the important subjects in every department of literature and thinking, similar in form and manner to those of the Quarterly Reviews generally. The second number will be issued in October. WELKS, JORDAN & CO.
Publishers for New England. sept 30

JOB PRINTING.

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epi4m sep 23

EMERSON'S PHI BETA KAPPA.

AN ADDRESS delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August, 1837, by R. Waldo Emerson. Published this morning, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street.
sept 23

MR. ALCOTT'S SCHOOL.

THE Exercises of Mr Alcott's School will be resumed on Monday, September 4, at his room, No. 3, in the Masonic Temple.
tOt sept 2

CHANNING ON TEXAS.—This day published Channing's Letters to Henry Clay, on the annexation of Texas to the United States, fifth edition, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
Boston Bookstore 134 Washington st.
Price 12 1 2 cts. sep 23

WESTERN MESSENGER.—This day received, the Western Messenger, No. 1, Vol. 4, for September. Subscriptions received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Boston Bookstore, 134 Washington street. sep 23

RICH ENOUGH—HARCOURTS, &c.—Rich Enough, by the author of Three Experiments, and Elinor Fulton

The Harcourts—by a Lady—4th edition.

Simon Silver—Means without Living—Living without Means—Living on Small Means, &c. At the Literary Rooms. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. sept. 23

LOCKHART'S SCOTT, *new edition*—Lockhart' Life of Sir Walter Scott, Volume 1, new and cheap edition, uniform with Parker's edition of the Waverly Novels. For sale at the Literary Rooms. sept. 23 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NOYES'S PROPHETS—Complete in 3 vols; published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. sept 23 134 Washington st.

JAMES MUNROE & CO, General Agents for the American Unitarian Association. 134 Washington st. tf au 12

POETRY.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

'Away from the ruin! Oh hurry ye on,
While the sword of the angel yet slumbers undrawn!
Away from the doom'd and deserted of God—
Away, for the spoiler is rushing abroad!

The warning was spoken—the righteous had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone—
All gay was the banquet—the revel was long,
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty—the air was perfume—
The earth was all greenness--the trees were all bloom,
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love, or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful creatures moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion, the sunshine of glance;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free,
As the plumage of birds from some tropical tree.

And the shrine of the idol was lighted on high,
For the bending of knee and the homage of eye;
And the worship was blended with blasphemy's word,
And the wine-bibber scoff'd at the name of the Lord!

Hark!--the growling of thunder--the quaking of earth!
Wo, wo to the worship, and wo to the mirth!
The black sky has open'd—there's flame in the air—
The red arm of vengence is lifted and bare!

And the shriek of the dying rose wild, where the song
And the low tone of love had been whisper'd along;
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower,
Like the red tongues of demons to blast and devour!

Down, down on the fallen the red ruin rain'd,
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup undrain'd;
The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given—
The last eye glared forth in its madness on heaven!
The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain—
And death brooded over the pride of the plain!'

'IN THE MORNING WILL I DIRECT MY PRAYER UNTO THEE.'—*Psalms.*

Once more the dawning light of day melts in the lonely sea--
Father in Heaven! all gratefully my heart looks up to thee,
To bless thee for thy watchful care throughout the long night hours,
For all the mercies o'er my lot thy daily goodness showers.

For thou hast glorified my path with looks and words of love,
And all that fills my heart with joy is granted from above;
Oh! countless are the blessings which thy bounteous hand hath given,
And therefore do I bless thy name, God of the Earth and Heaven!

How beautiful around my steps this flowery world doth lie!
How gloriously thy hand hath placed the lights along the sky!
The very birds that throng the woods look up adoringly,
And breathe from out their little breasts a song of praise to thee.

I too would lift my voice on high, and bless thy gracious care,
Oh! look in mercy down and send an answer to my prayer:
And let the names that I would waft above the solemn skies,
The dearest to my soul on earth, be precious in thine eyes.

Oh! keep thine arms around them still in love wher-e'er they go,
And let thy spirit light their way, while wandering here below;
And when at last they reach the shores of Time's uneven sea,
Be thou their father, guide, and friend, throughout eternity!

IDEALS,

FROM SCHILLER.

A poetic version,—We had a poetico-prosiac translation a week or two ago.

Then, dost thou mean, thou faithless one,
Our bonds of blessedness to sever,
To make the airy links undone,
And tear thyself away for ever?
Can nothing stay thy fleet career,
Oh, youthhood's time of golden bliss?
In vain! thy stream is rolling sheer
Into Eternity's abyss.

The suns that o'er my path of youth
Their glory shed, have shone their last;
And fled is the ideal truth
That swell'd my heart in seasons past.
Gone is the faith I learned from dreams,
That life would yield me all it should;
I find experience shears the beams,
Of all the beautiful and good.

As once, with fervent love distrest,
Pygmalion strain'd the chisell'd stone,
Till all the rapture of his breast
And all his warmth became its own;
So did my loving arms enwreathe
All nature round, with youth's desire,
Until the mass began to breathe
Beneath my breast of poet-fire.

And, in my transports bearing part,
The dumb found fervors to respond,
And turn'd the beatings of my heart
To speech articulate and fond;
My life gave life to flow'rs and woods,
My sense made streams in music twine,
And all that seem'd the lovely moods,
Of things were echoes but of mine.

My breast, embracing all in one,
Still strove, with aspirations warm
Through universal life to run
In word and deed, in sound and form.
Oh! I have cause for sad complaints;
Before the bud is fully grown,
How great the world which fancy paints!
How little when the bud is blown!

When first into life's path I sprang,
I shap'd truth to my soul's conceit;
And, then, my heart had not a pang,
And wings of fire were on my feet.
Oh! then the heavens had not a star,
But seemed especially to court me;
Nought was so high, and nought so far,
But thither must my wings support me.

I soar'd aloft, as if in dreams;
Where could a task too hard be found?
And, as I traced heroic schemes,
An airy escort danced around.
Love, with delights, and sweeten'd vows,
And Fortune, with her garlands bright,
And Glory, with her starry brows,
And Truth arrayed in robes of light;

But ah! the phantoms would not stay:—
Before my journey half was done,
They turned their steps another way,
And, faithless, vanished one by one.
Fortune escaped me at a bound,
But Knowledge left her thirst behind;
And Doubt's dark fingers drew around
The sun of Truth her vapors blind.

I witnessed Glory's garlands meet
Round brows of ordinary clay;
And ah! Love's season was more sweet,
But shorter than a summer day.
And every step, my pathway grew
More hush'd, more desolate, and grim,
Till hope herself no longer threw
A ray on me, however dim.

Which of all these will stand me by,
Through life, my comfort and my crown?
And which will follow me, when I
Unto the narrow house go down?
Friendship! on thee my anchor's cast,
By thee my bleeding heart is bound;
Thou wilt be faithful to the last,
Thou, whom I early sought and found.

And when thy mild hand has assuaged
My pain—then welcome occupation!
Who, in destruction ne'er engaged,
Art ever busied in creation;
Although Eternity may slight
Thy piling grains on grains of sand,
Yet Time is grateful to the sprite
Who pays his debt with rapid hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the 2d volume of Lockhart's Life of Scott.

SCOTT'S EMPLOYMENT OF HIS TIME.

It was another rule that every letter he received should be answered that same day. Nothing else could have enabled him to keep abreast with the flood of communications that in the sequel put his good nature to the severest test—but already the demands on him in this way also were numerous; and he included attention to them among the necessary business which must be despatched before he had a right to close his writing-box, or, as he phrased it, 'to say out damned spot, and be a gentleman.' In turning over his enormous mass of correspondence, I have almost invariably found some indication that, when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so because he found occasion for inquiry or deliberate consideration.

I ought not to omit, that in those days Scott was far too zealous a dragoon not to take a principal share in the stable duty. Before beginning his desk work in the morning, he uniformly visited his favorite steed, and neither Captain nor Lieutenant, nor the Lieutenant's successor, Brown Adam (so called after one of the heroes of the Minstrelsy) liked to be fed except by him. The latter charger was indeed altogether intractable in other hands, though in his the most submissive of faithful allies. The moment he was bridled and saddled, it was the custom to open the stable door as a signal that his master expected him, when he immediately trotted to the side of the leaping-on stone, of which Scott from his lameness found it convenient to make use, and stood there, silent and motionless as a rock, until he was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by triumphantly neighing through a brilliant succession of curvetings. Brown Adam never suffered himself to be backed but by his master. He broke, I believe, the groom's arm, and another's leg in the rash attempt to tamper with his dignity.

Camp was at this time the constant parlor dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for the more locomotive Douglas and Percy, he kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what he said—and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it; in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him as a sensible and steady friend, the greyhounds as volatile young creatures, whose freaks must be borne with.

LONG SERMONS.—The following dialogue between two ladies, occured in our presence a few Sabbaths since, in a town not twenty miles from Boston:

'Are you going to church this afternoon M—?'

'No, Mr—preaches *so long* that I get completely tired out. I should go oftner if he preached shorter.'

'I know it—its too bad.'

'I wish sombody would give him a *hint* about it. If it wasn't for that fault, I should be very much interested in his sermons.'

Gentle Lady we are at your service. *Your wish* shall be met. We hereby notify every preacher who indulges himself and fatigues his congregation with long sermons, that this article is intended as *a hint to him.*

May not the above hint on long sermons be equally applicable to *long prayers*. How many become wearied with a prayer of from fifteen to thirty minutes in length, and have to sit down before the minister closes. It is a wise saying, 'Devotion ends where weariness begins.' We hope the hint will be thought of.—*Southern Watchman.*

AN ARGUMENT FOR BEING MARRIED IN CHURCH. There is something very solemn in witnessing the ratification of a union that death alone can dissolve when the individuals forming it are fully penetrated with the importance, and the holiness of the duties they are undertaking. Mary (no longer Mary Howard) preferred being married in the parish church to having the ceremonies performed at home. I ventured to ask her the reason yesterday when we were alone, and she told me that, having been baptized, confirmed, and having received the sacrament in that church, she wished to pledge her faith at the same altar. 'My mother, too, sleeps there,' added Mary, with a tear trembling in her eye, 'and this is a strong inducement to me; it is as though it sanctified still more solemnly my marriage.' [Countess of Blessington's Victims of Society.

Dr Whitlow, a celebrated English physician and botanist says:—'The buttercup is the cause of more sickness and disease in London and its vicinity, than all the other causes put together. That if the influenza, which annually visits London in the latter part of haying time, was called by its right name, it would be called the buttercup fever. That it is almost the entire cause of erysipelas, or St Anthony's fire. That he will defy any man to give an authentic case of cancer that exists where the buttercup does not grow; and if any man doubts the pernicious properties of this plant, let him bind a few of the green bruised ears upon his back, or on the calf of his leg, and in eight hours he will have such ample testimony of the truth, that he will not be disposed to question or gainsay.'

STROEBECK, OR THE VILLAGE OF CHESS-PLAYERS.

Stroebeck is a pleasant, retired village, at a short distance from Halberstadt. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, a dignitary of the Cathedral of Halberstadt was exiled to that solitary village. The good people of Stroebeck gave him so good a reception, that the churchman was much embarrassed as to how he should testify his gratitude. After long reflections he finally concluded he could do nothing better for the villagers than teach them to play at chess, and this he did with such effect, that the good people of Stroebeck were soon supremely happy in this new enjoyment. The exile, after a time, was honorably recalled to his cathedral and eventually became Bishop of Halberstadt; at the height of his prosperity he did not forget Stroebeck; he loaded that village with benefactions, and founded a school there for the children. A special clause enjoined the masters of the school to teach all their pupils the noble game of chess, and distribute prizes at the end of every year to the best players. These prizes were to be chess-boards, with the pieces all complete. The worthy bishop, in thus encouraging the game of chess, had a moral object, which was happily accomplished; it saved the villagers from games of hazard and the vices those games inevitably bring in their train.

The villagers of Stroebeck gradually abandoned all other pastimes, in order to give themselves up exclusively to chess. The knowledge of the game became hereditary; mothers taught it to their daughters; the old men bequeathed the paternal chess-board to their sons, as a sort of patent of nobility; there was a glorious emulation among families, each trying to surpass the other in science, rapidity, and profound combinations. The fame of Stroebeck was spread over Germany—nothing else was talked of—amateurs arrived from all the German circles to contend with the villagers, who almost invariably proved victorious. The evil custom of gambling even here crept in, but, after a time, money was never played for. A stranger, the formidable Silberschmidt, gave them a good lesson. He covered the high stakes they proposed for a certain number of games, and vanquished their champion elect, the Achilles of the village. The men of Stroebeck willingly enough consented to pay the money lost, but they refused to grant the certificate attesting their defeat. 'Take the gold,' said they, 'but leave us our glory.' 'Good people of Stroebeck,' replied Silberschmidt, 'the money I have won from you I give to your poor and to your school; but on one condition, which is this—you must swear that henceforward you will never play for money. The noble science of chess carries its interest in itself; a single game won is a treasure of satisfaction to one's *amour-propre.*' The villagers took the oath, granted Silberschmidt his certificate, distributed the money as he proposed; and to this day honor is the sole stake on the chess-boards of Stroebeck.

At the club, which is the best room of the best (because the only) inn of the village, an old-fashioned chess-board and its appurtenances are preserved with singular care. Upon the board the village of Stroebeck is delineated in mosaic, and there is also an inscription which states that the chess-board was given to the village by the Elector of Brandenburg on the 13th of May, 1661. The village library, preserved in the same room of the inn, consists of a work by Gustavus Selenus, and a collection, published by Kock, of the best books on chess.

ANECDOTE;—A FACT.—A young man was seen to enter a church in time of service—he paused at the entrance—the congregation stared—he advanced a few steps, and deliberately surveying the whole assembly, commenced a slow march up the broad aisle—not a pew was opened—the audience were too busy for civility—he wheeled, and in the same manner performed a march, stepping, as if to Roslin Castle, or the dead march in Saul and disappeared. A few moments after he re-entered with a huge block upon his shoulders, as he could well stagger under; his countenance was immoveable—again the people stared, and half rose from their seats, with their books in their hands. At length he placed the block in the very centre of the principal passage and seated himself upon it. Then, for the first time, the reproach was felt! Every pew door in the house was instantly flung open!—But no the stranger was a gentleman—he came not there for disturbance—he moved not—smiled not; but preserved the utmost decorum until the service was concluded, when he deliberately shouldered his block, and to the same slow step, bore it off, and replaced it where he found it. The congregation is now the most attentive and polite to strangers of any in America.—*Baltimore Paper.*

ITEMS.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah are written, with the exception of the last chapter, in Acrostic verse; that is to say, every line or couplet begins, in alphabetical order, with some letter in the Hebrew Alphabet. In the third chapter the third letter is repeated three times successively.

The heathen poets are mentioned three times in the New Testament, Aratus in 17th of Acts, 28th verse, 'for we are his off-spring.' Menander, in the 15th of 1 Cor. 33d verse. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' The same sentiment and almost the same words are found in several Greek writers, Æschylus, Diodorus Siculus, &c. There is also a quotation from the Greek Poet Epimenides.

The work of John Albert Fabricus, the Hamburg professor, entitled Bibliotheca Greca, in which his sole object is to render an account of the *Greek* authors *extant*, occupies fourteen thick volumes in quarto.

Some of the earlier heathen legislators took strong measures to repress drunkenness. Modern Christian legislators, as in this state for example, authorize the existence of as many spirit dispensers as the 'public good may require;' which has amounted, in some of our cities and towns, to more than every twentieth person.—*Recorder.*

SHOE BLACKING.—Perhaps the best in the world is made of Elder berries. Mash the berries in your hand in a large kettle of water, set them in a shade a few days, filling it up with water. After it is cool, strain and ring them through a course cloth, and then boil it down to the thickness of molasses. Put a small quantity with a feather on a brush, rub the shoes till there is a fine gloss. The same will make good writing ink.

AUTUMN.

Thou art with us. Already we feel the prickles in the morning air. And the stars shine out at night with a peculiar lustre. Shortly, we shall see the rich tints which thou flingest on the woodlands, and then thy russet livery. And if thou art now bright, and gay, and beautiful, thou art not less lovely, when thy hazy atmosphere spreads a voluptuous softness over nature—when the sun himself is shorn of his beams, and like a pale planet wanders through the sky.

Autumn! with its fields of ripening corn—and its trees laden with fruit, and its vines with clustering grapes,

'Reeling to earth, purple and gushing,'

and clear, sparkling streams, and salmon fishing and field sports, is here.

Out in the Autumn woods! The broad leaf of the Sycamore hath fallen upon the streamlet and hath passed on with its tumbling waters, or disparts them where it has rested, against some obstruction. The Buckeye is bare. The Maple is golden leaved, save where is spread on a field of orange, the hectic flush which marks approaching decay, or where the sap is yet faintly coursing, and a delicate green remains. The Oak is of a deep crimson, and the Gum even yet of a bloodier hue. Far off, on the tall cliff, are the spiral pine and cedar, in their eternal green.

Out in the Autumn woods! when the leaves are falling like flakes in the snow storm. It is a time for reflection—It is a time for lofty contemplation. The soul is full if it have the capacity to feel, and it gushes forth though the tongue speaks not. And yet it is irresistible, to roam through the autumn woods, and listen to the thousand whispering tongues which fill the air. The fullness of feeling must be relieved by the merry shout and the loud halloo.

We welcome thee Autumn. Thou art the dearest to us of the seasons—save the flowermonth. We hail thy coming now, not as has been our wont.—Since thou wast last here, we have lost friends; and in thy wailing winds, and out beneath thy sky and roaming through thy varied gorgeous-liveried woods, our thought shall be turned to their memories.

ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

A great many of the best things said by the celebrated Burke were uttered in the course of those debates, when the foolish fashion of the time emptied the benches at his rising. His being an Irishman, his being of the middle order, and his being totally above the calibre of the fashionable triflers who would listen to nothing but an epigram, and could understand nothing but a *double entendre*, often left him nearly alone with the few necessary attendants of Ministers on the Treasury bench. On one of these nights he animadverted, in strong terms, on some acts of the Cabinet. George Onslow, who probably thought that he had now some chance of distinction by grappling with Burke, and showing, if not his wisdom, at least his zeal, started up and said, haughtily, that he must call the honorable member to a sense of his duty, and that no man should be suffered in his presence to insult the Sovereign. Burke listened, and when Onslow had disburthened himself of his loyalty, gravely addressed the speaker. 'Sir, the honorable member has exhibited much ardor, but little discrimination. He should know that, however I may reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined, to extend that reverence to his Ministers. I may honor his Majesty, but, Sir, I can see no possible reason for honoring' and he glanced round the Treasury bench, 'his Majesty's man-servant, and maid-servant, his ox and his *ass*!'

HELON'S PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM: —a Picture of Judaism in the Century which preceded the advent of our Savior. Translated from the French of Frederick Strauss.

Reviewed and abridged by Baron Stow, Pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Boston.

Extracts from notices of the work.

'This work is designed to set forth a living picture of the Jews—their civil and ecclesiastical constitutions—their customs and laws as they existed at the time when the advent of the promised Messiah was at hand. The author has succeeded most happily in the accomplishment of his design.'—*Portsmouth Journal.*

'The author has portrayed the peculiarities of the Jewish people, with great vivacity, and an admirable and just picture.'—*Evening Transcript.*

'The design of this work would hardly be gathered from its title. It is intended to exhibit a picture of the Jewish people in which their ecclesiastical and civil constitutions, their social and domestic life are represented as they existed at the time when the advent of the Messiah was at hand.

The style is attractive, and the story finely wrought, but the enduring value of the book consists in those vivid and accurate representations of Judaism which so admirably exhibit the system before the mind, as a whole, and fix it steadfastly on the memory.'—*American Traveller.*

'Its object is to present a picture of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of the Jews, as well as of their social condition, at the period just preceding the advent of our Savior.—This is done through the medium of a narrative, representing the return of a young Jew, who had been educated at Alexandria, to Jerusalem, in order to embrace anew the faith of his Fathers. He sets out on his journey at the time of the destruction of Samaria, about a century before the birth of Christ, and arrives at Jerusalem, at the season of the principal religious festivals. The author is thus enabled to interweave in his narrative accounts of the most important observances of the Jews, as well as of their manners, usages and prevailing opinions. Every reader must have perceived the necessity of an acquaintance with the peculiarities of the Hebrew Nation, in order to enable him fully to comprehend a variety of allusions in the sacred writings: and the plan of the work is one which promises to communicate that information in a pleasing form'—*Daily Advertiser.*

'It is a work well calculated to interest the reader deeply, while it furnishes him with a description of the Jewish people, in which their social and ecclesiastical constitution, their religious rites, the social and domestic life are represented at the time of the coming of our Lord.'—*Mer. Journal.*

Published by Wm. D TICKNOR, corner of Washington and School streets. sept 2

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—Practical instruction in Animal Magnetism, by J. P. F. Deleuse, with Notes, by the translator, at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st.
a 23 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

SCOTT, Part 4.—Venetia, Janet Hamilton, Cooper's England. Life of Lafayette, etc etc.—At the Literary Rooms,
s 23 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

WORCESTER'S READING BOOKS.—
1. WORCESTER'S SECOND BOOK FOR READING AND SPELLING.

Those who have used Mr Worcester's Primer are aware of his peculiar talents in rendering those usually 'dry subjects' interesting to children; and to them it is sufficient to say, that the *Second Book* has the same attractive character as the *First*,

II. A THIRD BOOK FOR READING AND SPELLING; with simple Rules and Instructions for avoiding common Errors. By Samuel Worcester.

The plan and character of this work is different from any other now in use. Each lesson is preceded by a Rule and List of Errors; and the reading is designed to be rendered not merely an exercise, but a study requiring the use of the mind. We approve of the plan of this book; it is just such a one as is needed, and we hope it will be adopted in every school in the country.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

This is one of the most useful reading books for common schools. It strikes us as particularly deserving the attention of teachers.—*Daily Advocate.*

One of the most useful reading books that has yet appeared. We recuommend teachets and parents to give it an early examination.—*American Traveller*

We think it a *valuable* acquisition to the young scholar, both as a monitor for the correction of errors in reading and pronouncing, as well as a guide in manners and morals. The lessons are selected with much judgment, and are well calculated to instruct the mind, while they form the character.—*Morning Post.*

III. FOURTH BOOK OF LESSONS FOR READING, with Rules and Instructions. By Samuel Worcester.

From the Annals of Education.

It is constructed on the same plan with the Third Book of the same series; each selection, whether of prose or poetry, being preceded by a rule for reading, and followed by a list of common errors in pronouncing some of the words included in it. The object of these peculiarities of Mr Worcester's Third and Fourth Books, is to make reading a *study* in our schools, instead of a mere exercise.

We regard the Fourth Book, on the whole, as a useful compilation for the classes for which it was intended. There is a large fund of valuable information embodied in the Rules and Instructions at the beginning, and in the Errors and Questions at the end of each chapter, is also at the end of the work, even more than the author, in his modesty has ventuaed to claim.

From the Principal of the Woodstock high School.

Worcester's Fourth Book is truly deserving of notice. The subjects and arrangements are indeed *excellent*. His rules at the head of each chapter, and his exposition of errors, together with his list of phrases, &c. all combine to render the book such a one as is needed in our schools.

From Ebenezer Baily, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston; Author of 'Young Ladies' Class Book,' and 'First Lessons in Algebra.'

I have used Worcester's series of reading books in my school ever since they were published, and regard them as among the most valuable works of the kind with which I am acquainted.

From the Rev. James W. Poland Teacher of Youth.

Having made use of Worcester's Third and Fourth Books of Lessons for Reading, &c. in my school for some time past, I feel that I can recommend them with perfect confidence, as being superior to any that I have ever used, for forming correct habits in reading. At the commencement of each lesson, a rule is given in such a familiar manner, that no scholar, after reading it twice, can forget the substance of it. The errors noticed at the close of each lesson, together with the questions, fix the attention still more, and afford both interest and instruction. I sincerely hope that many teachers of youth will be induced to give both books a candid examination; after which, I think they will not hesitate to give their decided preference.

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Tales from American History, form Nos. 9, 10, 11, of Harpers' Boy's and Girl's Library; the several volumes form an entire serise, and may be used separately and singly, or in succession. No. 9. embraces the important history of Maritime Discovery, and the Life of Columbus. This work is strongly recommended by the best judges of elementary books.

Poetry for Schools, is a series of Lessons on Poetry and Prose, fit for reading and declamation, and also comprising a brief system of rhetoric, and examples of English literature, from the age of Elizabeth to the American Poets.

Grecian History, is the history of Greece, from a remote antiquity to the present time, and includes notices of the arts, laws, and institutions of the Greeks, together with the Geography of Greece; it is illustrated by Maps and Engravings.

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s 16 BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington st.

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Notwithstanding the extensive circulation of the works by this author, it is confidently believed this work is destined to an equally extended popularity.

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For sale by the Booksellers generally. a 5

UNITARIAN MISCELLANY.

A FEW complete sets, (believed to be the only ones now remaining) of the Unitarian Miscellany in six volumes, conducted by Rev. Messrs. Sparks & Greenwood,—have been just received, and are now for sale at the office of the Christian Register, at two dollars a set. Those who wish to obtain the work, at this very cheap rate, will do well to call soon. m 20

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